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The Bookman

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL FOR

Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* July *will be noticed in the* August *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th August *in the* September *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has finished a book on his mother, which will be entitled "Marget Ogilvy." It is perhaps the most beautiful and exquisite piece of work he has yet accomplished. It is not a biography in the ordinary sense, but gives aspects and incidents of his mother's life in the style which Mr. Barrie's readers know, keeping close throughout to facts. The volume will be published in this country by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and in America by Messrs. Scribner.

We hear that the serial rights of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new story, "Captain Courageous," first announced in our columns, were sold to Mr. S. S. McClure for £3,000. The serial rights in England were proposed to three editors, of whom one offered £500, another £800, and a third £1,400. The fortunate competitor is the *New Review*, which is understood to have been making good progress of late. The sum is large for a story of 50,000 words. Mr. Kipling, having completed this important piece of work, has gone to Labrador for a month's fishing.

We understand that a life of the late Joseph Thomson, the African explorer, is being written for publication in the autumn by his brother, who is a minister in Greenock.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's new novel is to be entitled "Lochinvar." Some eminent critics who have had the privilege of reading the portion already written are enthusiastic in their praise of the work. It is said to be more in the manner of "The Lilac Sunbonnet" than some of Mr. Crockett's more recently published novels.

Mr. S. S. McClure, the enterprising American whose magazine has reached a circulation of 300,000 copies, meditates a very important new departure. He thinks that the public are beginning to be wearied of black and white, and proposes to make experiments in coloured illustrations. For this purpose he has arranged to publish a life of Christ in his magazine, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and he has been travelling in Egypt and Palestine making arrangements for the pictures. An immense sum is to be sunk in the hope of securing thoroughly satisfactory reproductions. If Mr. McClure succeeds, no doubt others will have to follow in his track, and a new terror will be added to magazine publishing.

Mrs. Henniker Heaton has finished writing a volume of short stories in collaboration with Mr. Thomas Hardy. The American publishers will be Messrs. Roberts Brothers.

The articles on South Africa and its politics which Miss Schreiner has been contributing to the *Fortnightly Review* are to be collected and published in volume form during the forthcoming autumn season.

Maarten Maartens, who is at present on a visit to England, has just completed a short story of 20,000 words.

We understand that it was originally intended Mr. Buxton Forman should edit Mr. Murray's edition of Byron, but it has been now arranged that the work shall be in charge of the Earl of Lovelace. Mr. Heinemann's edition will be commenced shortly under the editorship of Mr. Henley. The volumes will be singularly attractive in form and type.

Two new magazines are about to be published. One is to be called the *Temple Magazine*, with a sub-title, "Silas K. Hocking's Magazine." The magazine will be under the joint management of Mr. Hocking and Mr. F. A. Atkins, and will contain general and religious literary matter. A story will appear in the first number, which will be published in October, by Mr. Quiller Couch. Dr. Parker will contribute a monthly Home Service. Mr. Hocking will contribute a serial, and will write editorial notes.

Another monthly magazine, intended for women, will be issued by Messrs. Hutchinson, and among the probable contributors are Marie Corelli and the Countess of Warwick. The editor will be Mr. W. H. Wilkins, who, it will be remembered, collaborated with Mr. Herbert Vivian in the publication of a novel, and was editor of the *Albemarle Review*.

One of the new magazines has paid a popular author £130 for the serial rights of a short story running to 4,000 words. It should be remembered, however, that while the serial prices of a very few authors tend to rise, owing to the competition among magazines, there is a very large amount of fiction, good enough in its way, which can be had at moderate prices—prices which show no tendency to increase, owing to the number of writers who are entering the field of fiction.

Mr. Harold Frederic has commenced a novel of nearly if not quite the length of "Illumination." It will be his first attempt to deal in fiction with exclusively English people and subjects. The new book is to be published in England by Mr. Heinemann.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has recently completed the MS. of a new short serial story entitled "Cumner's Son."

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's new volume of short stories will be issued this month in a form which is somewhat of a novelty in this country. In shape, size, and general get-up it will closely resemble the ordinary yellow paper covered French novel. It will be sold at 2s., and will be published by Messrs. A. and C. Black.

A new book may be expected from Mr. Standish O'Grady in the autumn, called "The Flight of the Eagle." Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen will be the publishers.

Dr. George Macdonald has arrived in England for his usual summer visit.

Mr. Stopford Brooke, we are glad to hear, has been sufficiently well to arrange for the publication of a volume of sermons in the autumn dealing with Old Testament subjects. He has not as yet done anything at his projected work on Browning, which will be a companion to his justly popular book on Tennyson.

Mr. Keighley Snowden has a new book ready for publication, "The Web of an Old Weaver." It will be issued by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., who published the author's "Tales of the Yorkshire Wolds" three years ago. The new story purports to be told by a West Riding villager, and is accordingly written in that dialect. The bad times of 1836-1846 provide the main incidents of this tale, which is essentially true, Mr. Snowden having worked into it stories handed down in his own family and the substance of documents of the time. Readers of his "Tales of the Yorkshire Wolds" will be glad to hear that Weasel reappears for their entertainment, to lighten up the sombre picture.

Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen have a very important work in preparation, an encyclopædia of Sport. The work will be on a large scale and illustrated, and the contributors include some of the highest authorities on the various subjects. It will be issued in monthly parts.

We hear that Mr. S. E. Waller, long well known for the admirable horse-pictures which he has exhibited at the Royal Academy, is about to appear as a novelist. Some of Mr. Waller's earlier pictures—notably his poetic "Home?" and the painting so full of dramatic irony which he entitled "Success"—contained excellent romantic ideas, so that one looks forward with considerable interest to his essay in fiction.

The venerable Miss Horace-Smith, of Brighton, is responsible for the following anecdote of Christopher North, said to be *inedit*:—A lady admirer had just complimented Kit upon his "noble head," frontal development, etc., etc., when he rather staggered her by replying, "True, madam; in our village there was only one head bigger than mine, and that was the village idiot's."

A book said to be by Mr. F. Anstey, but written under a pseudonym, has recently appeared.

Messrs. Longmans are to be the publishers of "Christian Ethics," the Bampton Lectures for 1895, by the Rev. T. B. Strong, of Christ Church. Mr. Strong is one of the ablest of the younger men in Oxford, and his lectures will doubtless be an important contribution to the subject.

We learn from the New York *Critic* that Major W. H. Lambert, of Philadelphia, has lately printed forty copies of notes made by Thackeray for a speech given by him at a dinner at the London Tavern before his second voyage to America.

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The volume is a quarto of twenty-nine pages, printed upon one side only, with woodcut borders in red and black, and is from the press of James Beale, Philadelphia. The preliminary matter it contains is taken from Hodder's Memoirs. Major Lambert has done a graceful act in making it public in so charming a manner. The book will be a prize to every lover of Thackeray who is fortunate enough to possess a copy.

A characteristic letter of Oliver Wendell Holmes is published in the New York *Outlook*. It gives reminiscences of the Rev. Jonathan Homer, a somewhat eccentric but most excellent man, who for nearly sixty years ministered in the First Church in Newton, Mass.:—

Beverly Farms, Mass.,
September 29th, 1889.

MY DEAR MRS. ——,—I am afraid that I can tell you nothing of importance about my father's old friend and my old acquaintance, the Reverend Jonathan Homer.

If my memory had a chemical ray in it, I could give you a perfect photograph of his bodily presence, for his image is distinctly before me as I write. A slender, stooping, little old gentleman he was, with a sharp-angled wedge of a face, a senile voice, and an abundant flow of talk. His manner was kindly, and on certain subjects he conversed with an enthusiasm which sometimes excited a smile on the faces of two of the listeners. As he occasionally exchanged pulpits with my father, these two young gentlemen had the opportunity of meeting him at table in addition to the privilege of listening to his sermons, which were searching in their tones, if not in their teachings.

The main subject on which he loved to descant was the Bible in its various editions. The "Bishop's Bible" and the "Breeches Bible" became familiar to *our* young ears, for I was one of his small audience. The good Doctor, as you all know, had made a choice collection of different editions of the Scriptures, and was meditating, if I am not mistaken, a revised or annotated version. This was a dream in which, as it seemed to others, his thought and its realisation were two parallel lines, never destined to meet.

His friendship with Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin was another topic on which he loved to dwell. "I wrote to Sir Isaac, and Sir Isaac wrote to me that he was very much pleased with the con-tents' of my letter."

It was the first time I had ever heard *contents* pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, and this, or the imposing title of the "Admiral *Sir* Isaac," fixed the sentence in my memory. The naughty brother, who was the wit of the family, could to-day give you that sentence with all its intonations as natural as if they had been spoken into Edison's phonograph.

But there was a tender and touching quality in good Dr. Homer's nature. He lost a son, his namesake, in early manhood, and never forgot to mourn over his untimely removal. I suppose he took refuge in sacred bibliomania as an anodyne for his grief. There could be no more editions of Jonathan, but there might be a Homeric reproduction of the Scriptures which would have satisfied Wicliffe or Beza.

I am sorry that the portrait of Dr. Homer is not to be found. He was not of an imposing presence, but those who remember the famous statue of Voltaire, and Young's epigram on that great writer, if they would discharge the good clergyman's physiognomy of

Milton with his Death and Sin,

might see a certain resemblance in the two faces.

The dear old ministers *sex oppidorum vicinorum*—of the six towns next to Harvard College and their near neighbours—were a pleasant set of people to meet, as I remember them. Some of them were nominally Calvinists, but they got their sermons out of the cooling and refreshing Arminian ice-chest. Each of them had his special character and features; their ghosts haunt the memories of a few old men and women, but Nature has turned her kaleidoscope, and those patterns of humanity are for ever lost to earthly vision.—I am, dear Madam, very truly yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Mr. R. D. Blackmore has written to the New York *Critic* protesting against a somewhat severe criticism which appeared in that paper on his little book of short stories entitled "Slain by the Doones." The letter is as follows:

I am not in the habit of noticing hasty opinions about my books, but a charge of "writing pot-boilers" is equivalent to a charge of roguery. However faulty my last publication may be, it consists of work as careful as any I have done, which is not a small thing to say. The stories were written at different times, during the last thirty years; but collected and revised recently. To me it appears that any one possessing a very small share of literary perception could not have failed to observe the high finish—perhaps too elaborate finish—of "Frida." If I can claim no other merit, I can claim that of honest work; and you are the first who has ever brought the charge of scamping against your obedient

R. D. BLACKMORE.

14 May, 1896.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, the American writer, has been in England for the last few weeks. She sailed for home in the end of June. Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, of the New York *Critic*, sailed for England on June 13th. Mrs. Burton Harrison is at present in London, and Mr. W. H. Rideing, of the *North American Review* and the *Youth's Companion*, is also in this country. Miss Edith M. Thomas, who has been in London, has just returned to America. Mr. F. Marion Crawford has purchased a new schooner yacht, and intends to knock about Italy and Sicily for the summer, and to return to New York with his wife in October or November. These particulars we take from the *Critic*.

The Rev. Washington Gladden is writing a book on "The Working Church and its Pastor" for the International Library, published by Messrs. T. and T. Clark of Edinburgh, and Messrs. Scribner of New York.

Mr. Allen Upward's series of stories, entitled "Secrets of the Courts of Europe," now running serially in *Pearson's Magazine*, have been translated into French, and will be published both serially and in book form in Paris.

Messrs. Velhagen and Klasing, of Bielefeld, have just issued a German translation of Mr. A. J. Balfour's "The Foundations of Belief." Messrs. Montgredien et Cie, of Paris, will publish a French translation at an early date.

A German translation of "Fire and Sword in the Soudan" was published simultaneously with the English edition. The book has just been published in Baron Tauchnitz's Continental series, and French and Italian translations will be issued almost immediately.

Sir Walter Besant's new story, "The Master Craftsman," is to be issued in the Continental series of Baron Tauchnitz.

In our June number we stated that Mr. A. E. W. Mason's new novel would be issued in the autumn. The publishers, Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co., inform us that it will appear first in serial form, and will not be issued till the autumn of 1897.

The *New York Independent* has a very interesting article on Mr. Lowell by Mr. T. W. Higginson. Mr. Higginson says that the deaths of Lowell's older children, the illness and death of his wife, and the sinking of his father into a sorrowful condition of imbecility, changed for many years the life of Lowell, and made him, so far as he ever was, a recluse. Unfortunately, his second marriage, although a congenial and happy one, did not prevent this tendency; for the lady selected was not strongly social in her aptitudes, and, moreover, became herself an invalid. He found great benefit by coming to London, where he unlearned the habit of monologue. No one needed this more than Lowell, except, perhaps, Holmes; the two had sat at opposite ends of the table so long, at the early dinners of Atlantic contributors, and practically monopolised the talk.

Lowell, however, according to Mr. Higginson, went back very contentedly to live in America. The first pang over, called forth by the return to his changed home, and he slipped back into his old associations as easily as into a familiar garment. Never was he more delightful than in these later fireside years, even when the fireside had become to be part of a sick room. Indeed, he was more delightful than ever; his habit of mind was more genial; he was less imperious, more moderate in his judgments; in short, more mellow. He liked to talk of London, as he still liked to go there, but without a trace of self-consciousness or of conceit. In looking back on London, too, he was able to see its limitations as well as its delights, was ready to recognise the barren fig tree side of it, in Lord Houghton's phrase, the limitation and the disappointment resulting from the very excess and hurry of it.

Professor Lombroso contributes to a German popular review, *Zukunft*, an important article on the relations between religion and crime. How comes it, he asks, that among criminals are to be found religious devotees? Among 700 prisoners examined by Ferri, only one atheist was found, while a second professed religious indifference. Seven, however, professed to discover in their religious consciousness justification for their evil doing. So far as the scanty statistics on the subject show, there are fewer criminals among atheists than among Protestants and Catholics. It is hard to believe, says Professor Lombroso, that religion is exercising its proportionate influence when we find that savage peoples, possessing at best only a demon worship, have a high code of honour, while Jews engage to such a large extent in sharp practices and questionable callings; that in Bavaria, a Catholic country, the proportion of Catholic criminals is greater than that of Protestants, while in Hanover, Switzerland, and Holland the proportion is the reverse.

He goes on to say that two factors play important parts—first, the influence of culture, the advance of which tends to obliterate religious feeling; and second, the period of youth in the life of religions. "So long as the religion is young, and has the vigour of the *status nascendi*, it possesses an ethical energy, because in this stage the letter has not yet driven out the spirit, and the senses are held in thrall by the intoxications of the new ideals, and so rendered unassailable by criminal impulses. This is what happened

in Italy at the time of Savonarola and the Waldenses, and recently in North America from the spread of Methodism among the negroes. But the chief of all moral forces is the religion that attaches more value to its ethical contents than to its form. At first all religions are ethical movements, but gradually they stiffen, and the vital ethical principle being unintelligible to the masses, is covered and obscured by that which is more readily accepted—namely, ritual. Hence it is that less inclination to crime may be found where an ethical rather than a religious feeling is active; for instance, among educated atheists. On similar grounds, the number of criminals diminishes in certain Protestant countries in which the fire of spiritual zeal still burns, such as Geneva and London. In England the religious life finds endless recruits among fanatical natures which in the name of most antagonistic doctrines vie with each other in the rescue of human souls from destruction." He sums up, "The religions which serve as a check to crime are those whose controlling force is a passion for morality and those that are quite new; the ethical influence of the rest is not greater than that of atheism."

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

MAY 25 TO JUNE 20, 1896.

Trade is quiet, with occasional improvements, but of very short duration. An evening paper recently stated that *it was informed* that the bicycling craze had seriously affected bookselling. This was evidently a local experience, as it has not made itself felt in the wholesale trade. Readers are *born*, and nothing will draw a true reader from the occupation which is his very existence. On this fact hangs the bookseller's hope of making a living.

Reference has been made in this column to fashion in the appearance of a book. At the present moment fashion in the wording of a title is very noticeable. Since the publication of "A Man and a Woman" the following variations have been noted:—

A Mask and a Martyr.
His Honour and a Lady.
Two Women and a Man.
Two Women and a Fool (not the same book).
A King and a Few Dukes.
Three Men and a God.
The World and a Man.
Two Lads and a Lass.

And no doubt, with a little search, many similar ones could be found.

The very rare case of an author being successful in two departments of literature is to be found in the instance of Ian Maclaren's "The Mind of the Master" and "The Upper Room" selling very freely at the same time as his works of fiction.

Among magazines the continued popularity of *The Woman at Home* must be chronicled. The "Navy and Army" is now completed, together with several similar productions, but perhaps these are scarcely correctly termed magazines. They have sold very well. The number of different magazines issued each month is enormous, and is still increasing. A list issued by one of the wholesale houses contains no less than 562 titles, and this is a selection only.

Guide Books are, of course, much enquired for, and the previous list of series still holds good.

Any publication dealing with the colonies, or foreign parts generally, is still eagerly purchased, and several are being published. The mention of such titles as "The Cruise of the *Antarctic* into South Polar Seas," "The Alps of New Zealand," "The Portuguese in South Africa," "From Cairo to the Soudan Frontier," "Travel and Talk by Rev. H. R. Haweis," will show the breadth of the public interest.

The rising generation evidently finds Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott unsuited to its taste. These three are certainly less popular than formerly. Something more easily read seems to be looked for, and it is well known that the three authors named need careful perusal.

Bicycling has its literature now—that is to say its periodicals, its annuals, its handbooks, etc., and the same may be said of stamp-collecting.

Financial publications continue to find ready purchasers. A Manual of South African Investments is the latest addition to this department.

The literature of Electricity is now of very considerable extent. A second edition of a work on the Electric Lighting of Ships is going very freely.

Swinburne's new poem has been well received, a remark that does not by any means apply to poetry in general.

In the subjoined list of books fiction is very conspicuous. The favourite book of the moment is "The Sowers," by H. Seton Merriman, and "Illumination" comes next to it.

As previously stated, the order of the titles has no signification.

The Courtship of Morrice Buckler. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s.
An Amazing Marriage. By G. Meredith. 6s.
Illumination. By H. Frederic. 6s.
Briseis. By W. Black. 6s.
The Green Graves of Balgowrie. By J. H. Findlater. 6s.
Madelon. By M. E. Wilkins. 6s.
The Sowers. By H. Seton Merriman. 6s.
Without Sin. By M. J. Pritchard. 6s.
Cleg Kelly. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
The Seats of the Mighty. By G. Parker. 6s.
Worth While. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s.
Adam Johnstone's Son. By F. M. Crawford. 6s.
The Island of Dr. Moreau. By H. G. Wells. 6s.
Weir of Hermiston. By R. L. Stevenson. 6s.
Nephelé. By F. W. Bourdillon. 2s. 6d. net.
Joan of Arc. Edited by Mark Twain. 6s.
A Mighty Atom. By Marie Corelli. 3s. 6d.
A Man and a Woman. By S. Waterloo. 3s. 6d. net.
W. V.: Her Book. By W. Canton. 3s. 6d. net.
Rome. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
The Sin of Hagar. By Helen Mathers. 3s. 6d.
Isban Israel. By G. Cossins. 3s. 6d.
Electric Lighting for Marine Engineers. By S. F. Walker. 5s.
Marlborough House. By A. H. Beavan. 6s.
Chemistry in Daily Life. By Dr. L. Cohn. 6s.
Life of Peter Mackenzie. By J. Dawson. 3s. 6d.
Stock Exchange Investments. By Dr. Aubrey. 5s.
Home Railways as Investments. By W. J. Stevens. 2s. 6d. net.
Art of Reading and Speaking. By J. Fleming. 3s. 6d.
The Tale of Balen. By A. Swinburne. 7s.
The Annals of Cricket. By W. W. Read. 2s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
May 30, 1896.—A fair home trade, on the whole satisfactory. Colonial and foreign business brisk.
June 6, „ —Trade not quite so good; about the average for the season. A heavy week in foreign and colonial departments.
„ 13, „ —A very quiet week indeed for home business, but foreign and colonial trade is well maintained.
„ 20, „ —Another quiet week, with a drop in foreign and colonial orders.

POETRY.

VEILED VISION.

THE air is heavy with its liquid tears,
And Nature, blurred in all her outlines, weeps;
The humid mist insidiously creeps
Till circumscribed and small my world appears.

So, oft our love is big with grief, and wears
A shrouding garment, and the unseen deeps
Our vision hem; the heart its sorrow reaps,
Its love crushed down, gone every thought that cheers.

O! boundless universe beyond our ken!
O! love undying barred within the heart!
What may appease its cravings, ease its smart,
Or break the barriers which this earth-love pen?
Repressed or parted here our love may be,
Yet will it upward soar continually.

NEW WRITERS.

MISS JANE FINDLATER.

WE give this month the portrait of a new writer whose first book, "The Green Graves of Balgowrie," recently published by Messrs. Methuen, shows a maturity

Photograph by] MISS JANE FINDLATER. *[Moffat, Edinburgh.*

of power that rarely belongs to story-writers when they first seek the public suffrages. Miss Findlater is the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Eric Findlater, Free Church minister of Lochearnhead, a remote village in Central Perthshire. The "forbears" on her father's side were also ministers. Her mother's father was the late Mr. James Borthwick, of Edinburgh, joint-author of the "Hymns from the Land of Luther," and of various translations from the German. Along with her sisters she was educated at home, and lived at Lochearnhead till her father's death, when the family removed to Prestonpans, an east coast village ten miles from Edinburgh.

Miss Findlater has written for years for the pleasure of writing. Writing has always been instinctive with her, and never a toil, and the training of this pleasurable practice has borne good fruits in her first published novel.

A book of "Sonnets and Songs," published last year by Mr. David Nutt, and favourably received by the press, was by Miss Findlater's sister.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

I TRUST that it is not too late to say a few words about M. Jules Simon, in whom the Republic of Letters, no less than the French Republic, has sustained a great loss. His life may be held up as an example and a lesson to all men, and in particular to those who follow the profession of letters, of which he was so distinguished an ornament. He was the hardest of workers, and to the very end lived up to the principle which was laid down by Balzac: "*Le travail constant est la loi de l'art, comme celle de la vie, car l'art c'est la création idéalisée.*" One was always certain to find him in his little study in the apartment on the fifth floor of the house on the Place de la Madeleine, which he had inhabited ever since he first came to Paris. To the last he earned with his pen the expenses of a large household. His best work was undoubtedly his daily contribution to the *Temps*, entitled *Mon Petit Journal*, which usually took the form of a comment on some passing topic, with a wealth of illustration from his vast store-house of experience, which no other writer, except perhaps Mr. Gladstone, could afford. He was a very kindly man, and was always ready "to give a consultation" to any interviewer who called on him, in spite of the fact that he once complained in his *Mon Petit Journal* article of a development of modern journalism—interviewing—which wasted the time of public men, allowing them no remuneration in return. However, as he was undoubtedly the best-informed man in Paris, as well as one of the most widely read, his *confrères* of the press refused to take the hint, and I suppose not a day passed but some reporter climbed the five stories of his house to "consult" him on some point. He was too kind ever to refuse admission to a *confrère*. It fell to my lot on more than one occasion to obtain from him expressions of opinion on current events, and each time was literally astonished at his immense knowledge. He was a living encyclopædia. Once, very much against my will, I was assigned by an American editor, to whom I was acting as Paris correspondent, to ask him what he thought of the feat of an American girl reporter, who had accomplished the journey round the world in the shortest time on record. He smiled with some pity when I had explained my mission, and asked how he could be expected to express any opinion on such a performance. I was about to take my departure, for I fully shared his view on the nature of my call, when he began to talk on travelling since the world began, and for upwards of an hour kept me listening with most rapt attention to one of the most interesting *causeries* that I have ever heard. He could talk on any and every subject, yet he was no *causeur*,

and preferred to listen, for, as he used to say, one can always learn. Although a very kindly man, he could say very cutting things when he chose. One day, as he was leaving the Académie des Sciences Morales, he heard various academicians criticising, with great severity, an absent colleague.

"Come, come," said Jules Simon, "are you not rather too hard on our *confrère?* I consider that he has at least one excellent quality—an enormous quality—he does not pose, and that is a very rare thing when a man has no talent whatever."

When I last saw him—some years ago—he struck me as looking terribly old and worn. I was going to a reception at the house of a great French novelist, and met Jules Simon coming downstairs. He had been dining in the house. Later on in the evening, the novelist said to me, "I had two old gentlemen to dinner to-night, so old, indeed, that when they had left I said to my wife, 'How thankful I am that nobody died at our table this evening.' For, I assure you, they both looked so old that I expected every minute to hear a little crack, like that of a lamp-globe breaking, and to see that I had lost one of my guests." Yet Jules Simon's longevity was perhaps less surprising, considering his admirable manner of life, than his constant industry up to the very end. Barthélemy St. Hilaire resembled his brother member of the Institute in this respect, and was a constant worker even after the age of ninety, but there was between these two veteran workers this salient difference, that whereas the wealthy Barthélemy St. Hilaire worked for his pleasure, and at work which was congenial to him, Jules Simon had to toil for the bread of his children and grandchildren.

I am asked by Madame Jules Simon, who has received numerous letters of condolence from English admirers of her late husband, to publish the following note: "Mme. Jules Simon and her children would have wished to express their feelings of deep gratitude to the friends who have been good enough to give them such touching proofs of sympathy with them in the terrible misfortune which has befallen them. These manifestations have been so numerous that to their great regret they are unable to express their thanks directly and individually. Let this note stand as the expression of their sincere and deep gratitude to all their friends both known and unknown."

The result of the last elections to the French Academy was exactly what was predicted in THE BOOKMAN, at a time when all the papers were speaking of M. Zola's election as a foregone conclusion. I do not hope to see Monsieur Zola in the Academy for some time yet, until more of the old Immortals have vacated their *fauteuils.* In the meantime the French papers are again putting the name of M. Alphonse Daudet forward as the likely candidate at the next election. As M. Daudet is not a candidate, and has over and over again expressed his determination never to become one, this seems premature. It looks, however, as if there existed in Paris a conspiracy to force his hand. I know that representations are constantly being made to him on the subject on every side, but I am unable to say how many of these are sincere and how many are perfidious. However, we shall see. "L'Académicien malgré lui" would be an excellent social study.

Léon Daudet has been very ill, but is now better, and is *en convalescence* at Champrosay. He has been overworking himself.

Prince Roland Bonaparte's new mansion in the Avenue d'Jéna has recently been completed. It is worth noting that by the special order of this princely bookman, the library in his palace is constructed so as to accommodate one million eight hundred thousand volumes. This shows no ordinary interest in literature, and one sees in the Prince the direct opposite of our old friend the "homo unius libri." *Apropos* of him, I remember saying to Jules Simon on an occasion when he was showing me his books, with which his apartment was packed from floor to ceiling and from anti-chamber to dressing-room, that he did not profess the principles of the one-book man. He said that no such man ever existed, though men may have pretended, out of *pose*, to be able to satisfy themselves with one author to the exclusion of all other books. One wonders where are the 1,800,000 books which so keen a connoisseur as Roland Bonaparte will place in his library.

Mr. Robert Bruce Douglas, whose "Life and Times of Madame Dubarry," published by Smithers, has been so favourably received by the press, is an English journalist who has for many years been resident in Paris. Mr. Douglas took to journalism after losing a fortune in an industrial enterprise, and was for some years editor of a paper published in Nice. On removing to Paris, he joined the staff of *Galignani's Messenger*, and subsequently acted as Paris correspondent to a number of English papers. His success with this book of his has enabled him, to his huge delight, to "get out of journalism," and he is now, I hear, engaged in writing on commission two long historical works. Mr. Douglas is the author of a capital pocket-guide to the Louvre Museum.

Mr. Edward H. Cooper, whose keen face was once so familiar in the Authors' Club, the author of "Richard Escott" and other successful novels, has recently been appointed editor of *Galignani's Messenger*, or the *Daily Messenger*, as it is now called. Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. will publish a new novel by Mr. Cooper in October.

Victor Hugo is to have a statue at last, and not later than next year. It will be erected at Besançon, by subscription. The subscription list has not yet been opened, but various sums have already been promised, and the Municipal Council of Besançon has voted a sum of 5,000 francs for the purpose. The committee of the Paris statue to Victor Hugo, who have collected upwards of six thousand pounds, have ordered a statue from Barrias, the sculptor; but this will not be inaugurated till 1900. It seems strange that so illustrious a man as Hugo should have had to wait so many years for such inadequate recognition of his great services to his country.

It is too early, at the time of writing, to comment on the result of the labours of the Publishers' Congress, which is at present sitting in Paris. That must be held over till next month.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

THE READER.

MR. J. F. McLENNAN'S STUDIES.*

THE successive deaths of Mr. J. F. McLennan, of his brother, of Mrs. McLennan, and of Professor Robertson Smith, have left Mr. Arthur Platt surviving editor of Mr. McLennan's remains. They are *brouillons* and collections for his work on the Origins of the Modern Family. By his "Primitive Marriage," his essays on Totemism, and his first series of "Studies," Mr. McLennan had practically overthrown the old idea, the idea of Aristotle and Sir Henry Maine, that Society, on the whole, began in the Patriarchal Family, the husband, his wife (or wives) and their children. Mr. McLennan's theory starts from something like promiscuity; thereon (owing to scarcity of women) follows polyandry of various types, and kinship reckoned in the female line; slowly and by degrees Paternity is recognised, and the Patria Potestas, with Agnation, follows, at least in some regions. Mr. McLennan also discovered Totemism, or recognition of common descent, in a set of kindred, from some plant, animal, or natural object, as the most archaic known way of counting kin. Again, he showed that the earliest form of "forbidden degrees" in marriage is the prohibition of marriage with a person of the same Totem (Exogamy). Connected with this law is the custom of Capture in marriage. A man may not marry a woman of his Totem, and has to steal a bride from a kindred *ex hypothesi* hostile; the symbol of Capture survives after there is no real need for it.

In this crowd of topics, let us choose one, the Origin of Forbidden Degrees in the law of Exogamy. *Why* must a man marry outside of his own Totem kin? We shall condense Mr. McLennan's ideas, and compare the criticism of Westermarck, that learned Finn, in his "History of Human Marriage." (Second edition. Macmillan, 1894.) It is to be premised that Westermarck had not Mr. McLennan's present statement before him.

The practice of capturing wives, in the new version of Mr. McLennan, is older than, and was followed by the law of Exogamy.

But Totemism, the common cult of this or that object, the blood feud, incumbent on all men of the same Totem, and the descent of the Totem through the female line, were established "*before* the appearance of the *system* of capture or exogamy." Now to take women from a group of another Totem would be fair, but *not* to take them from a group of the same Totem. A Bear might steal a Bull-woman, but might not steal a Bear-woman. To do so would be a sin as well as a crime, for it could not well be accomplished without shedding kindred blood. Everyone can see that, where criminal law is enforced by the blood feud, and that alone, there is an immense difficulty in avenging slayings within the blood-kin. To punish such deeds, in Greece, was the part of the Eumenides. From prohibition of the capture of women within the blood-kin came, finally, prohibition to marry within it. Capture itself arose from scarcity of women, "the kindred bands in a group would be unwilling, and unable even if willing, to furnish one another with wives, for, on the hypothesis, women were scarce with them." Here we may think that kindred, in the generosity of savages, would stretch a point, just as in the matter of food, and give each other wives, though at a considerable sacrifice. Here, then, to ourselves, a very weak point is apparent. Suppose a group had no women at all, and could not buy or borrow, it would necessarily steal wives. These, as captives, would no longer be heads of families (as they would be in a system of female kin), they would be *property*. The husband would sing:

> 'I hae a wife o' my ain,
> I'll go shares wi' naebody'—

every one would like a wife of his own, a captive, and the unions of kindred men and women would cease to count as marriages at all. Marriage, real marriage, would be possible only through capture. "Marriage with a woman of the same stock would be a crime and a sin. It would be incest."

But why, after all, *were* women so scarce? Because of an economical habit of Female Infanticide.

At this point Westermarck's criticism of Mr. McLennan's theory may be taken up. He does not believe in this prevalence of female infanticide. The maternal instinct would be a bar, as Mr. Darwin also argues. On this point Mr. McLennan has a separate chapter (pp. 74-112). Want and war, he thinks, ground down mankind into a *system* of destroying their children, "a policy of despair," yet a human policy. Beasts could not have thought it out. Accompanying this policy would be means for economising in women, such as polyandry, and post-Homeric Greek vice. To ourselves it seems erroneous to argue from the latter, where found, to the existence of systematic female infanticide in the remote past. The mere fact that Homeric Greece is pure; post-Homeric Greece deeply guilty, with the contrast drawn by Tacitus between Germany and Rome, *donne à penser*. Mr. McLennan's notes on infanticide deserve study. Still, one is by no means convinced that the practice was ever carried so far as to make men steal wives, owing to scarcity of women, from groups *ex hypothesi* no richer in women than themselves. It is too like the inhabitants of the Scilly Isles, who eke out their livelihood by taking in each other's washing. To another branch of his argument, not capable of being discussed here, there is an obvious and irrefragable reply. Westermarck, not having Mr. McLennan's new book before him, does not touch on his theory that captive wives, being property, were preferred, till kindred marriage became no marriage at all, but a sin.

To ourselves it seems that marriage within the Totem became an offence, a sin, supernaturally punished, as soon as the Totem system came into force. A man may not only not kill his Totem, if an animal, but he may not recline in its shadow, if it is a tree, or, in fact, make any use of it whatever. This taboo would necessarily apply to marriage with a woman of his Totem. Exogamy is only part of the Totemistic taboo at large, of which the origin is utterly unknown. On our scheme, then, Exogamy is an original part of Totemism. No man may take a woman of his family name, and of his own crest. This is the oldest form of prohibited degrees. Westermarck argues that these

* "Studies in Ancient History." By J. F. McLennan. (Macmillan and Co.)

arise from an *instinct* against amativeness, where a person brought up with another is concerned. This *instinct* makes "sexual love between the nearest kin a psychical impossibility" (p. 319). Thousands of years of custom have now produced something like this instinct, happily, but what is the origin of the custom? The oldest known law does not forbid love between two persons brought up together, if they be of different Totems. A man may marry his father's daughter by a woman who is not his mother, nor of her Totem. Had the instinct been what Westermarck supposes, the exogamous law, in which it expressed itself, would not have been the Totemistic prohibition, which permits marriage with a paternal aunt, or paternal half-sister. Thus we cannot agree either with Mr. McLennan, or with Westermarck. The origin of Exogamy is lost in that unknown condition of affairs which produced the Totemistic taboo in general. As society advances, and kinship is reckoned in the civilised way, the exogamous rule is modified, till it becomes the system of prohibited degrees between persons nearly related by blood on either the male or female side. It has seemed better to argue one problem out, than to state all the questions raised in this valuable fragment. Among the best chapters are the younger McLennan's criticism of the evidence about Australian marriage laws, and the elder brother's remarks on the validity of anthropological evidence in general. The letter to Mr. Darwin on original promiscuity, and the studies of marriage among various races, also deserve attention. The old (1869) essays on Totemism are reprinted; they are the first steps in a new field, now much more completely explored, in the light of much better evidence—especially for the classical territory. It is natural to end with an expression of regret for the long illness and early death which deprived prehistorical science of its most brilliant and most original exponent.

ANDREW LANG.

THE EARLIER WORK OF ROBERT BUCHANAN.

IN venturing on a brief survey of Mr. Buchanan's earlier work, I have drawn the line at the publication of "God and the Man" in 1881; and that not wholly arbitrarily, for with a singular frequency men seem to become aware, shortly after turning forty, of a marked change in their outlook on life; there is a new light on the landscape, a fresh feeling in the air, a suspicion, if not an actual perception, in their minds that they have reached "the second spring"; and one fancies one traces in the writings of the poets evidence that they too, in spite of their perennial youth, are subject to the ordinary dispensation. During the decade and a half which has since elapsed we have forgotten many men and many books—for after all we must live for our own day and in our own way—and among the latter there seems some reason to fear that we have too readily let slip from mind rather than from memory the large and splendid contribution which Mr. Buchanan made to our literature in the preceding twenty years.

As one turns over the pages of his "Poetical Works," perhaps the first thing that strikes attention is the remarkable change which has taken place in the mode and method of poetry. The liberal canvas with its great design and free dashes of colour appears to be a thing of the past. We have grown lyrical and critical, timorous of size, intent on condensation and brevity, somewhat too exclusively anxious about form and beauty and perfection of phrase and cadence. It is not easy to escape the regret that we have not more abundantly the full-blooded vigour of the older generation combined with the delightful and fastidious workmanship of to-day.

Mr. Buchanan's first unquestionable "success" was achieved by the "London Poems" in 1866, but long before that he had produced work of exceptionally fine quality. Had "Undertones" contained nothing but the poem, pathetic and beautiful, and a little too prolix, "To David in Heaven," it would have been worth mentioning, but the little collection of mythical themes, treated with boyish ardour and freshness, revealed in germ some of the more striking characteristics of his best work. There was a delight in swift, joyous metres, an eye for natural magic, a power of outlining the gigantic, a keen sense of the spiritual, and a humour which is not usually associated with a poet, still less with a Scottish poet. Surely in a lad of nineteen such pictures of the huge-hulled Polyphemus as we find in the following lines were an unmistakable proof of a great poetic faculty:

> "My shadow on the faint sea-hyaline
> Falls like a cloud whereia the winds drop still
> And white-wing'd ships move slowly without will."

> "Ay me, ay me—I am
> A great sad mountain, in whose depths doth roam
> My small soul, wandering like gentle lamb
> That bleats from place to place and has no home."

Then, too, the "Idyls and Legends of Inverburn" had appeared—the forgotten morning-star which shone over that lovable bleak northern plot of literature, conveniently if somewhat despitefully known as "the Kailyard." Have "Willie Baird" and his dominie (the inevitable dominie, as Mr. Barrie complains) been forgotten? And does no one remember the homely tragedy of "Poet Andrew," and the gaiety of "Widow Mysie"? In these early volumes one notices the broad, tender theology which appears again in "The Man Accursed," "Judas Iscariot," and elsewhere. But it was in the "London Poems" that Mr. Buchanan touched most acutely the quick of life; and I do not think it rash to say that never since has any one touched the same quick with such telling effect. Who that has read "Liz" can have forgotten the poor slum-child's first venture from London into the green fields—the high green hill and the unclouded sun, and the smokeless blue, the trees and the soft wind and the singing of the birds?

> "I stole into a dewy field to rest,
> And oh, the green, green grass where I was lying
> Was fresh and living—and the bird sang loud,
> Out of a golden cloud—
> And I was looking up at him and crying!"

And who has surpassed in verse the poignant misery of "Jane Lewson"?

In the space at my disposal it is impossible to do much more than refer to certain poems, but for the older generation at least the mention of the mere titles will alone bring back pleasant recollections. In these "London Poems" there are things that once known can never be wholly forgotten—"Edward Crowhurst," the poor "new poet" who began with rapture at the plough and lapsed through vanity

and drink and neglect into madness; "Nell," a creation Dickens might have fathered; the first of the Irish ventures, "The Wake of Tim O'Hara"; "Tom Dunstan, the Politician"—but what are these save unmeaning titles unless one knows the poems or will take the trouble to turn to them?

In "North Coast, and Other Poems" the masterpiece to my mind—"A Scottish Eclogue," in which the human-hearted Christianity of a poor Publican is unconsciously depicted by a Pharisaical elder—is pure "Kailyard" of the finest quality. The "Coruisken Sonnets," thirty-four in number, are interesting to any one who wishes to follow the author's religious development; as literature they do not appeal to me individually. So, too, in the "Book of Orm," which was published in 1870, I can conceive a student of the Celtic revival being deeply absorbed, but with the exception of the sections entitled "The Lifting of the Veil" and "The Vision of the Man Accursed," I find myself little in sympathy. But these exceptions are in themselves sufficient to make a reputation. Imagine the Face Divine gazing down unveiled on mankind—unveiled in compliance with the wild supplication of the world, who hardly know whether they should believe that there was any face at all regarding them in their inexplicable pilgrimage through sin and sorrow. The sight paralyses humanity; all action and thought stop at once; the shepherds on the hills, the fishers on the shore, in the cities rich men and lepers, the bride and the bridegroom, the bearers of the dead are all struck into stone—"each soul was an eyeball, each face was a stare." And is not this an exquisite touch, brimful of beauty and true to nature?

"Hard by I noticed
Little children,
Toddling and playing
In a field o' hay;
The Face was looking,
But they were gazing
At one another,
And what cared they?

But one I noted,
A little maiden,
Look'd up o' sudden
And ceased her play,
And she dropt her garland
And stood up gazing,
With hair like sunlight,
And face like clay."

The vision of "The Man Accursed," I think, must be known to every one—the vision of the fierce, wolfish brute, the one creature left unredeemed after the Judgment, who was cast out into the utter dark and cold, and to whom the women whom he slew or starved—mother and wife—went out of heaven to alleviate his misery; and the devotedness of these melted his stony heart and wrung from him that "piteous human cry" which saved him.

Notwithstanding the space I have occupied, it seems to me that I have as yet merely touched the fringe of Mr. Buchanan's work. For his "Book of Orm," I feel, as I have said, little sympathy; I feel still less for his "Political Mystics" and "Songs of the Terrible Year"; in spite of its numerous beauties I am not drawn to "Balder the Beautiful." With shame I confess my limitations, but the tableau of the two divine figures drifting out on an iceberg to sea and dissolution provokes my risibility beyond all decorum:

"In Balder's hand Christ placed his own,
And it was golden weather,
And on that berg, as on a throne,
The Brethren stood together."

But I yield to no one in my admiration for the four splendid achievements on which I think his reputation will permanently rest—"St. Abe and his Seven Wives," "White Rose and Red," "The Shadow of the Sword," and "God and the Man." Of the four, the poems appear to me to be the more perfect work in every way. In neither of these occurs anything to suggest the possibility of that disastrous melodramatic lapse which disfigures the earlier novel—the secret, guileless, childlike prayer of Bonaparte before Waterloo! That is absolutely unforgivable, yet in spite of it, and in spite of the infelicitous preface to the current edition, "The Shadow of the Sword" is a great, original, poetic work of fiction. Indeed, it was originally conceived as a poem—nothing could be more poetically dynamic than the struggle of a poor, helpless Breton peasant against the power and evil ambition of the invincible Emperor—and the prologue and two (hideously punctuated) lines of epilogue are *vestigia* of the first project. Great, too, and original and poetic is "God and the Man," based on the noble theme that hatred is all a misunderstanding, that if a man saw his fellow's soul hatred could not exist. But if the poems are built on less exalted theses, they are more perfect in workmanship, and they show Mr. Buchanan's poetic powers in the full flush of their strength and beauty. I do not overlook the poems which might well have been included in this edition of the "Poetical Works"—"Justinian," "Julia Cytherea," "The City of Dream"—when I venture on so large a statement. Of "St. Abe" and "White Rose," I greatly prefer the latter, though the former runs it hard as a delightfully humorous, pathetic, and satiric transcript from modern life. For where shall we find anything more redolent of the good earth than the description of Drowsietown, more oppressive with the eerieness of the season than the Great Snow, more tender than the journey of Red Rose and her papoose, more pathetic than the Indian girl's faith in the "great white chief, the god-like being" who won her love, as—

"Kissing her white warrior's hand,
She sank, with one great smile of pleasure,"

and her gentle spirit passed to God's happy prairies; what more humorously vindictive than the attitude of the White Rose, who forgave, but—

"Kept this rod in pickle all her life;"

what more perfect than the close, in which we see the "human beaver" remembering, between his cups, the golden romance of that long past adventure?

"Did he forget her? Never! Often while
He sat and puffed his pipe with easy smile,
Surveying fields and orchards from the porch,
And far away the little village church,
While all seemed peaceful—earth, and air, and sky,—
A twinkle came into his fish-like eye;
'Poor critter!' sigh'd he, as a cloud he blew,
'She was a splendid figure, and that's true!'"

All this is the work of a man of overtopping genius; at the back of it all one perceives, as the principal source of its strength and inspiration, an implicit appeal to the Christian sanctions and a profound recognition of the eternal order of righteousness. WILLIAM CANTON.

PUBLISHERS' QUESTIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. F. H. DODD.

THE head of the well-known New York publishing firm of Dodd, Mead and Company is at present visiting this country, and has kindly given an interview to our representative.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, as is well known, are the publishers of the American *Bookman*, and they have brought out the American editions of many important English works. In reply to a question on the present position of the Copyright Law, Mr. Dodd remarked that considerable anxiety was felt at present among the friends of international copyright. "This," he said, "has been caused by the introduction of a Bill into Congress to amend the existing law. Not that these amendments will have any great effect on the question of book copyright, the modifications proposed dealing chiefly with music and engravings. It is feared, however, that if the subject is brought up in Congress the large class who are still hostile to the International Copyright Law may seize the opportunity of inflicting a fatal injury on the existing measure. The whole matter is receiving the careful attention of authors and publishers through their Copyright Associations, and it is expected that it will be possible to confine the Bill to the Committee of Congress having it in charge, and to prevent its being reported for action at least at this session.

"I have been asked in London," continued Mr. Dodd, "whether there is any reasonable hope that the manufacturing clause may be struck out of the Law. I am sorry to be obliged to say that there seems no ground for believing that this condition, closely connected as it is with the doctrine of protection, will for a long time be removed."

"Are there not considerable difficulties in connection with simultaneous publishing?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Dodd, "and we are most anxious that the present requirements for simultaneous publishing should be removed. In the case of works published by English authors, our law absolutely requires not only that the title of the proposed book shall be filed, but that two copies printed from type set in the United States shall be deposited in the Library of Congress by or before the day of publication in any other country. Should the time be extended to some reasonable period, say to two or three months, it would be possible to make arrangements for copyrighting many works in America which at present for various reasons American publishers have to leave untouched."

"Is there to be any effort, then, to reopen this question?"

"I am afraid not at present," said Mr. Dodd; "an effort to secure an amendment would probably have been made were it not for the fear that to re-open the question at all might lead to a repeal of the Law as it now stands. We prefer to keep the Copyright Act with all its inconveniences rather than run the risk of losing such advantages as have been secured."

Mr. Dodd went on to speak of the great popularity of certain English writers in America at this time. "I suppose that in a list of fifteen or twenty of the most popular authors in America, at least two-thirds of the names would be those of English writers. I need only mention such authors as Kipling, Hall Caine, Doyle, Barrie, Ian Maclaren, Crockett, and Weyman. All of these, and others whose names will doubtless occur to you, have an enormous constituency in the States. On the other hand it would be difficult to name more than two or three American writers who command in their own country as large a circulation as that of the authors I have named. People sometimes wonder why this is. I for one do not believe that the International Copyright Law is largely responsible for the great influx of English books into America. You must not imagine that American publishers are not eager to recognise native talent, and constantly on the watch for new writers who are racy of the soil; but somehow or other they have not been successful during recent years in discovering many great American writers. But we have had our Hawthorne, our Longfellow, our Emerson, our Lowell, and the great days of our literature will again revive. In the meantime there is a reaction from this great productive period, and we must accept conditions as they stand.

"A serious question for American publishers," Mr. Dodd resumed, "is that of the distribution of books. No doubt this difficulty is felt in England, and indeed in all countries, but in the States it presses with peculiar hardship. Notwithstanding the growth in wealth, population, and intelligence that has taken place during the last twenty-five years, it is probably true that there are fewer genuine booksellers to-day than there were in 1870. Various reasons may be assigned for this. The practice of underselling is largely responsible for the decline in the book trade. This has reduced the bookseller's profits to below a living rate, and the injury inflicted on him has been greatly aggravated by the fact that in all large towns there are departmental stores which sell books at low prices rather as an attraction than as a means of profit. The "Whiteleys" and the "Stores" of the United States carry on a large trade in books, which they sell at prices much below those advertised on the publishers' lists. Whatever one may say of the causes, the fact remains that it is certainly much harder than it was, to place upon the market on publication a good-sized edition of any valuable book, unless it be a work of one of the popular writers of whom we were speaking."

Mr. Dodd agrees with most observers of the American book market, that the enormous growth of the monthly and weekly periodicals has had a prejudicial effect on the sale of books. "Such magazines as *The Century*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and others," he remarked, "are magnificently produced, and conducted on the most liberal principles. Their proprietors' aim seems to be to secure the best in art and literature almost regardless of cost. These magazines have from the first been most generously equipped in all their departments, and the result attained is the natural outcome of so liberal a policy.

"Undoubtedly these magnificent magazines make books less necessary to all sections of the people. You must also keep in mind that the great Sunday editions of the daily papers are another factor in this most serious problem. These enormous sheets are published in all the large cities, and circulated in prodigious numbers. They absorb the leisure day of the masses, particularly of the men. During the last two or three years a striking growth has

taken place in the circulation of cheaper magazines, while new periodicals have sprung up on every hand. The wealthy magazines set the pace to the others, and even those of the cheaper and more popular type are conducted very expensively, and compare, in my opinion, most favourably with English periodicals of the same class."

Mr. Dodd thinks that there is undoubtedly a difference, although perhaps it might be difficult to define it, between the reading classes in England and America. "There is no demand among us," he remarked, "for papers of the *Tit Bits* order. The explanation probably is that the class which corresponds to the constituency of these papers gets all it wants in the daily papers, especially in their weekly editions." In response to a final question, Mr. Dodd said that whatever ill-feeling may have existed in recent months in America toward England, no trace of it was found among the literary or reading classes. "On the contrary, it was from our literary classes that the protest against that outburst of hostile feeling arose. I believe that genuine Americans everywhere look on England as their old home, and that although they may not sympathise with certain phases of English political action, still on the whole they have a deep affection for England and the English people."

NEW BOOKS.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WORDSWORTH.*

The latest, perhaps the final, fruit of half a generation of labour spent upon Wordsworth appears in the elaborate edition of which the first instalment lies before us. The literary significance of Wordsworth is so immense, and his recluse life touches the mind of the nineteenth century at so many points, that the most churlish survivor of Jeffrey's school (which never wholly dies out) will hardly demur openly at the sixteen volumes here to be devoted to him. Some part of them, indeed, is devoted, most fitly, to those life-long companions whose unobtrusive presence made so large a part of the spiritual atmosphere in which he worked; the "exquisite sister," whose

> "voice was like a hidden bird that sang,"

and the thought of whom

> "was like a flash of light;"

and the not less exquisite though even more shy and reserved wife. Dorothy's Journal and Letters, apart from copious extracts scattered throughout, will be issued with fewer reserves than heretofore, in one of the later volumes. And thus the edition of Wordsworth's work will become, as any final edition must, a monument (but the pompous word jars in this connexion) of the Wordsworth household, that "whole without dependence or defect,"

> "Made for itself, and happy in itself,
> Perfect contentment, unity entire."

It need hardly be said that the eighteen portraits, including fifteen of Wordsworth himself, and the numerous vignettes of Wordsworthian localities—Cambridge, Colerton, Dove Cottage, Peele Castle, and many more—which will accompany the sixteen volumes, aid greatly in this result.

Professor Knight is an editor somewhat of the Cambridge school—a Cambridge man may presumably say so without disrespect. His strength lies in textual criticism, in all kinds of pragmatical illustration. His apparatus criticus is invaluable, and he has accumulated a large body of illustrative matter upon places, persons, and matters of fact. These things do not lose their value because they often appear, in Wordsworth's case, to be more important than they are. He had himself a kind of official punctiliousness and precision in dealing with the outer circumstances of his poetry, which became the land agent's son and the stamp distributor better than the poet. "Matter-of-factness" was one of the "characteristic defects" which he never quite forgave Coleridge for specifying in a well-known chapter of the *Biographia*, even as introduction to a still more emphatic and powerful analysis of his "characteristic excellences." His formality lay obviously on the surface of his genius. It is not quite so obvious that his use of definite names and places is almost always uninspired; that the purely local and personal was rarely touched by the full tide of his inspiration. How few of the names which glide into his verse are touched with the passion of romance which breathes from almost every name in Scott! How few have for him the incommunicable magic of the names in Milton! For Scott a *place* is charged with the zest of quite individual association; no other can replace it; to Wordsworth it is a channel through which he has access to the spirit of nature, rarely the sole one. After all, Wordsworth is one of the poets who elude and evade; all unconsciously he sets the reader upon a wrong tack, seems to persuade him "both by precept and example" that he is the poet of "simplicity," of "real life," of "the language actually used by men," and then suddenly emerges, at brief, incalculable moments, clothed in the visionary light of the great romantic poets of all time. And thus one feels, notwithstanding Professor Knight's excellent discussion of this very point in the preface, that Wordsworth in a manner evades his admirably conscientious editor, entangling him in the jungle of matter-of fact explanations, while he himself is away in some lonely upland, or else hidden in the woodland depths, "but to be come at by the breeze" of fine interpretation. We are most grateful to Professor Knight for all that he has given, but we should desire, in an ideal edition of Wordsworth, something more of interpretative criticism—for instance, in the little summaries of the year's production prefixed to the poems of each year, which at present are surely a little meagre. Such summaries are among the opportunities of the chronological arrangement here wisely followed.

The question of rightly choosing his texts has involved Professor Knight in some searching of heart. Seeing that Wordsworth altered much, not always wisely, yet at times with extraordinary felicity, neither the plan of "earliest" nor that of "latest" version is without drawbacks. Wordsworth grew in command of style, of dignified and forcible expression, long after the rare and uncertain magic of his early speech had begun to decay; so that his alterations generally improved the weak places and damaged the strong, and as a rule made the whole less original if more unequivocally literary. It may fairly be argued that to give the earliest version of each poem is a logical consequence of adopting the chronological arrangement; since the object of this is to facilitate the study of the poet's mind in the growing—as it grew, and not, as in some later hour of retrospective analysis, he would have desired it to grow. Professor Knight has chosen to give the final version, a plan which has obvious and perhaps decisive advantages, but necessarily not that of facilitating historic study of the poet. The most striking result of this is that he relegates to an appendix the first version of the *Descriptive Sketches*, where the somewhat uncouth young Cumbrian of 1791-3 frames his lips awkwardly enough to echo the exquisite conventionalities of Goldsmith's music, without as yet catching more than a far-off suggestion of his own. A popular edition can hardly avoid some such compromise between the needs of the student of poetic processes and those of the reader of poetry; but it should be recognised that the compromise is made. Within the limits indicated, Professor Knight's edition, so far as it has gone, is an admirable piece of work; and the "editors of the twentieth century," to whom he commends a typographical improvement which struck him too late, are not likely to have an early opportunity of adopting it.

C. H. HERFORD.

*"The Poetical Works of Wordsworth." Edited by W. Knight. Vols. I.-III. (Macmillan.)

THE TALE OF BALEN.*

Tennyson was fascinated, but also quite evidently puzzled by the tale of the knight known in the Round Table circle as the Savage. It needed an explanation, and he set about to find such by here rejecting Malory, there mending, and again expanding him. I do not think in the end he made a more coherent story than the one where so much is left unexplained; but he presented to us a shapely figure where before there was only a dark shadow. His Balin is a more human personage, perhaps, for it seems quite natural to hear him reproved for hasty temper by his brother Balan, and, by his own judgment, for dourness when he saw himself beside the courtly Lancelot. It is a complicated story in the "Idylls of the King," but the parts fit in if you examine them. Only, it seems none the truer, but rather the more artificial, that there are no gaps. I doubt if Malory ever tried to understand Balin; he never characterises him; but shows him moving on strange quests, a lonely figure when his brother is not with him, never quite of a piece with the others of the Round Table, however much Arthur praises his courage and loyalty. One gets the idea from Malory, but assuredly Malory never directly suggests it, that Merlin knew more of this mysterious knight than did anyone else.

Perhaps Mr. Swinburne would have done better, however, to adopt some plan like Tennyson's in telling the tale. In a brief and simple statement of events he does not excel; and in following Malory so closely as he has chosen to do, he has hardly room for his sweeping waves of sound, or for any of the methods by which he best realizes to himself a scene, a dramatic progression, or a character. Yet he cannot put aside his old habits utterly. The consequence is that Malory's simple narrative is rendered a little difficult to follow by imagery not always relevant, while nearly all along we have the feeling that Mr. Swinburne is cramping himself painfully. We feel the pain, too, when we try to read some of the stanzas aloud. Yet the poem has portions, which in manner and in music are delightfully characteristic of their writer, and this will serve as example:

"But even as earth when dawn takes flight
And beats her wings of dewy light
Full in the faltering face of night,
His soul awoke to claim by right
The life and death of deed and doom,
When once before the king there came
A maiden clad with grief and shame
And anguish burning her like flame
That feeds on flowers in bloom."

And since he has inevitably modernised and tamed the Savage, though hardly so much as Tennyson, it might have been reasonably expected that he should have, though at his peril, adventured his imagination on the nature of Balin and the meaning of his quests. But he has not done so. Balen owes nothing to him and all to Malory. What Mr. Swinburne has brought is a hearty enthusiasm, a certain new tenderness of tone, and some charming decoration. Perhaps the enthusiasm is accounted for by the hero being a Northumbrian knight, "a northern child of earth and sea." His dying vision may be very easily surpassed as poetry, but it touches us because the poet lends his hero his own eyes and memory to look back with—

"He drank the draught of life's first wine
Again: he saw the moorland shine,
The rioting rapids of the Tyne,
The woods, the cliffs, the sea."

The tenderness of which I have spoken is not to be looked for in the portion which is obviously pathetic, the death of the two brothers, who loving each other, yet all unknowingly took each other's life, but rather in stray words and phrases and tones, that chime in strangely but not unfittingly in this stormy tale, which, like its hero, seems

"Glad in spirit and sad in soul
With dream and doubt of days that roll
As waves that race and find no goal."

Tennyson ingeniously weaves Balin's fate and moods very closely with the tragedy of the king and queen and Lancelot. Mr. Swinburne does not. But he does what is more impressive, shows the dark wild knight going on his own strange errands or spurring at the king's behests, a watcher of the tragedy that fills the air the while. Only once are we brought face to face with it, when at the death of King Lot, Guinevere and Arthur and Mordred meet. It is one of the few passages where Malory is notably expanded—

"The splendour of her sovereign eyes
Flashed darkness deeper than the skies
Feel or fear when the sunset dies
On his that felt as midnight rise
Their doom upon them, there undone
By faith in fear ere thought can yield
A shadowy sense of days revealed,
The ravin of the final field,
The terror of their son.

. . . . . .

And heavier on their hearts the weight
Sank of the fear that brings forth fate,
The bitter doubt whose womb is great
With all the grief and love and hate
That turn to fire men's days on earth.
And glorious was the funeral made,
And dark the deepening dread that swayed
Their darkening souls whose light grew shade
With sense of death in birth."

A. M.

* "The Tale of Balen." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 7s. (Chatto and Windus.)

RICHELIEU.*

This volume auspiciously inaugurates a Series on Foreign Statesmen planned as a supplement to the "Twelve English Statesmen," most of which achieved a solid success. And deservedly. For they appeal to a wide circle of intelligent readers, who wish to concentrate their attention for a while upon a great historical figure, but find the article in a biographical dictionary too cold and technical, and the traditional "Life and Times" or "Life and Letters," in many volumes, a distraction rather than a help. The present work is almost a model of short biography. It compresses a great volume of matter into very small compass, and that less by brevity of style than by orderly arrangement of the subject. We fail to remember anything of importance which could have been added to the book anywhere, save as extra illustration or mere embellishment; no point has been neglected or has been overlaboured. This is high praise, but it is such a comfort to find one's way about in a tangled subject without having to grope, and Professor Lodge has cut for us a clear path through those perplexing wars and negotiations of the period. To tell the truth, they are not, they never ought to be, very interesting to the philosopher; triple duels are slow affairs; it was but a shifting, temporising inter-play of policy between France, Spain, and the Empire (England being effaced), with no great principle, no supreme effort to dignify it. The negotiations and the campaigns somehow strike us as being mainly got up to find work and pay for professional warriors and diplomatists, and so they were. Here and there was a statesman—Richelieu was one—who knew what he wanted and tried to go straight for it, but the tortuous, jealous, hedging spirit of the times was too strong for them. Yet Richelieu employed such tools and manipulated such forces as the period afforded so patiently and adroitly as to achieve almost complete success. His triumph was cut short in 1642; had he survived in power and vigour ten years longer, he would doubtless have written his name large in our English annals. On one side or the other he would have intervened; posed as the arbiter and saviour of England; the Protectorate might never have been, or might have been tolerated as a protected Protectorate. For if only Spain and the Empire could be made easy (and neither cared much about England in itself), Richelieu could have rallied the Protestant Powers with a plausible call to intervention, and remodelled England much as he chose, either as a monarchy or a republic. Cromwell he certainly would not have set up, but pulled down very effectually; Richelieu knew better how to choose his tools. One almost regrets these giants were not destined to a life

* "Richelieu." By R. Lodge. (Macmillan and Co.)

and death struggle; it would have been a grand display, though the result could hardly have been doubtful. In comparing the two men, so like and unlike, I seem to regard Cromwell as a provincial type, Richelieu as almost cosmopolitan. The one, a mere country squire, sets up as an amateur statesman, and suddenly develops a marvellous latent capacity for business, but his views as they expand are wanting in completeness and harmony; hence his work, great as it was, turned out an admitted failure. The other seems naturally to inherit all the traditions of European statecraft; a trained and sharp-sighted ecclesiastic, he knew the Church, *a fortiori* he knew the World; aiming from his early youth at high place, he at last entered office a man of profound experience and ripe for affairs. Hence we find him as the arbiter of Europe pre-eminently the right man in the right place, not in the least surprised, like Cromwell, to find himself there, perfectly free from pose or self-consciousness, ever scanning the political horizon with the apparently careless, but penetrating, untiring gaze of the old pilot. And he succeeded; as such consummate professionals always will succeed if you give them time, whereas in the brilliant amateur there always comes a reaction when the first impetus has pushed him to the front.

But naturally we turn with most interest to the domestic policy of the greatest of French statesmen, and here Prof. Lodge does not disappoint us. He points out forcibly the one terrible blot in that policy, its apparent indifference to financial reform. In spite of everything, I feel convinced for my own part that Richelieu must have definitely planned a cleansing of the Augean stable, but deferred it till he had crushed the nobles and settled Europe, and that he attempted no half measures, because he hoped some day to come down upon the harpy-classes with a sudden root-and-branch reform. Really it is hard to see what opportunity occurred for such a venture in his time, and he could hardly have foreseen that never again would France find a minister equal to such a task, a task which every year became more gigantic.

Prof. Lodge has gleaned from M. Hanotaux's first instalment (coming down to 1614) some interesting facts about the Cardinal's early life, of which the most striking is the appalling jobbery by which he obtained the mitre which, however, he wore with deserved credit. As a statesman he can only be appreciated in his voluminous "Lettres, Instructions Diplomatiques et Papiers d'Etat," which M. d'Avenel has so carefully edited, but the summary estimate before us is admirably weighed. Of his character less is known. The zeal of adulators, the venom of enemies, the impudent inventions of later novelists and dramatists have created the motley monster which in spite of ourselves we call Richelieu. But this at least is true, the more we are getting to know him the more we like him. After all, the chances are he was distinctly a good man. Nothing really bad in his character or acts has ever been authenticated. And putting aside all his triumphs over his powerful enemies, there is something truly and pathetically heroic in his long, desperate struggle with the most formidable of all, his own poor, worn out, agonised body. It beat him in the end; but once think of those last years of his, the racking pains, the moribund languor, yet brain and body ever goaded into energy by that iron will—surely the great Cardinal-Duke claims our reverent sympathy. To his memory Mr. Lodge has reared one more monument, not the less worthy, because in its modest proportions it recounts his glorious history with the brevity which impresses and the judgment which convinces. Y. Y.

MR. MALLOCK'S ILLUSTRATED CENSUS.*

Doubtless the simplest way to review Mr. Mallock's hundred and forty pages would be to copy out their table of contents. Written in the smart style with which we are familiar, addressed to the eye as well as the intellect by means of diagrams and illustrations, bristling with figures, and curiously shifting the pieces of the argument so as to bring forth the conclusion required, they would ask a whole Blue Book if we proposed to deal with them at all adequately. The figures are certainly interesting and easy to follow. The diagrams have been conceived not without ingenious skill and with a view to effect. But the impression which those who live among the working-class, or have gone down into the depths of "the Residuum," will carry away with them is that statistics may be very abundant, and yet may miss the point after all. Let us endeavour to guard against this, by considering how much Mr. Mallock grants, while seeming to make light of the "Radicals and Socialists," whom he is desirous of confuting.

He grants the Residuum, to begin with,—seven hundred thousand families, or three millions of people, whom our system of production has not yet absorbed, and whose subsistence is insufficient or precarious. With this nation of the miserable and unfortunate he does not propose to deal, except by pointing out that they are decreasing relatively to the prosperous. But the result is obtained by means of the old fallacy which counts the "paupers," and rejoices at their diminution. It does not, apparently, take any heed of the enormous amount of private charity which keeps numbers from sinking into the submerged tenth, but at the cost of pain and labour to a heavily burdened class just above them. Mr. Mallock delights in convenient elimination of this sort. When he is discussing the coal-strike of 1893, he drops the masters and their profits out of the reckoning; and then bids us observe that "wages must follow prices." Suppose they must, the colliers would probably remark that if *they*, and not their masters, were managing the coal business, there would not be quite the same degree of "cutting prices," and the public might be willing to pay as much as would secure to the producers a decent "living wage." And that is the question.

Nor does Mr. Mallock, in spite of his prices determining wages, differ, at last, from Karl Marx or Ricardo; he, too, grants a "minimum standard," below which remuneration cannot fall, unless we would dispense altogether with the wage-earner and his product. If, as he truly says, that product belongs to the class of things superfluous, we may, of course, restrict our consumption, or do away with it entirely; but for the necessaries of life we must pay at least as much as will enable those who produce them to live and bring up a family. The standard exists, therefore; but it varies according to country and custom, and may be raised, though not by mere legislation. Mr. Mallock starts out on the brave enterprise of defining it, which is accomplished by telling us that it is equal to the income of the worst soil which a man who does not pay rent could cultivate. But in a moment the fog comes again. For that income really means, not the actual product of such worst soil, but what it will bring in exchange, and the exchange depends on the general wealth of the country. If at this point, leaving his census figures, the writer could have enquired what kind and degree of sanitary housing, what durable furniture, sound wearing apparel, wholesome bread, meat, milk, and so forth, a given sum would in fact secure to the labouring man in different parts of the kingdom, and what insurance for his old age would then be left him, we should have come into closer touch with the relation of wages to welfare than in this volume is the case. In like manner, the question of "over crowding" cannot be decided without asking for many more details than we find here. Of which one example may suffice. The census divides houses and tenements into those that consist of five rooms and upwards, or five rooms and under, with an implication that "over crowding" is an evil of the latter class. But in London, as in Glasgow and Edinburgh, the worst kind of overcrowding takes place in many-roomed tenements; as will be obvious on a little consideration of all that such promiscuity involves.

A surprising idea, more than once thrown out by Mr. Mallock, is the identification of Socialism with peasant proprietorship. If these are not extremes opposed to one another, what shall we call extremes? Is it not because the peasant proprietor in France feels the grip of the money-lender upon him that he is reluctantly giving ear to Socialism? He has no landlord, but he is mortaged beyond redemption; therefore he turns to the hitherto unpleasing phantom of a Collectivist State. And as much must be said for the movement in America, into which, not the artizans of Eastern cities, but the farmers of Iowa, and other

* "Classes and Masses, or Wealth, Wages, and Welfare in the United Kingdom." By W. H. Mallock. (London: Adam and Charles Black.)

oppressed Westerns, have thrown themselves with enthusiasm. The "labour member" of Parliament who would commit agriculture universally to the methods and resources of "small cultivators," may have been a Radical, but I do not know where among Socialists he would be accepted as expressing their principles. It is significant enough that in Ireland, a country which aims at getting rid of its landlords, Socialism makes no headway, and is not even understood; and has not Lord Salisbury recommended small properties as a safeguard against Karl Marx?

In general, perhaps, this criticism will apply to Mr. Mallock all through. If he is to pass judgment on the Socialist scheme he must take it as a whole, not imagine this part of it or that as introduced into the machinery of Capitalism, and there, as might easily be foreseen, making confusion worse confounded. But he appears not to have looked at this economic Utopia steadily enough to see what it really means. And, keeping to "Mr. Giffen's latest investigations," it would have been well to enlarge upon the consequences, actual and probable, of a state of things in which considerably more than a fourth of the working-class, as we learn from the diagram on page 32, have only forty-three pounds a year or less on which to support themselves and their families. "But it is a state of things tending to disappear?" If so, how comes it that the village-labourer, the especial and unhappy representative of this class, himself is tending to disappear? And the declining birth-rate, which is the outward and visible sign of a revolution steadily proceeding in morals no less than economics,—singular that this should be omitted from a volume concerned with the "welfare" of the United Kingdom! But let the reader take to heart Mr. Mallock's aphorism, "As civilisation advances, wages depend more and more completely on the consumers, or the price they will consent to pay," and let him reflect a little on some of the things which the consumers consume, and the price they are willing to pay for them; then may he begin to perceive that an "advancing civilisation" is possibly on its way to decadence and disaster. That is the heavy cloud which overhangs Mr. Mallock's smiling landscape. Those who produce the necessaries of life are underpaid, down to the "minimum standard;" while such as minister to its superfluities get more than their due, unless it is taken from them by the syndicates to which they are bound hand and foot.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE COUNTRY OF HORACE AND VIRGIL.*

Archæology is just now in fashion with classical students. The remarkable explorations and discoveries of the last thirty years have awakened much natural interest and served to correct many errors into which scholars of a previous generation almost necessarily fell. The notable work, for example, recently done by Professor Ramsay in Asia Minor has not only lent fresh zest to the study of Christian antiquity but also largely modified the view of St. Paul's labours in Galatia which had been previously accepted and which had been maintained by a writer so rarely wrong as Lightfoot. Although, however, to the historical student archæology is of invaluable service, still it is easy to over-estimate its importance in reference to a large portion of ancient literature. The imperishable part of a great philosopher or poet is not dependent on associations of time and place. An exact plan of the Academy would hardly add to our knowledge of Plato, and what is best in Homer cannot really be illustrated by photographs of *Hissarlik* or a collection of Mycenæan "finds."

None the less a certain human weakness urges us to be curious about the surroundings of a favourite author, especially if he is one who excites personal interest. We should like to know what Cicero's Tusculan library or Martial's Roman garret were actually like, and a book which professes to describe "the country of Horace and Virgil" suggests pleasant pictures of many an Italian scene—from the reed-fringed Mincius with its swans to the tempest-fretted oak-groves of Garganus—which we would gladly visit in poetic company. But the reader who takes up the present work with any such hopes will be disappointed. In the whole of it perhaps sixty pages have some connection with the title. Of the 115 pages devoted to Horace, *thirteen* deal with his Sabine farm, while *fifty-six* are occupied with a dissertation on "The Etruscan Tombs of Corneto;" and about his other haunts there is not a word. In Virgil's case a start is made with fifty-five pages on "The Legend of Æneas," and then, being half-way through his book, the author tells us that "it would be a very charming journey to accompany Æneas from Troy to Laurentum *viâ* Thrace, the Cyclades, Crete, and Epirus, stopping at Carthage to receive the hospitality of Dido. But unfortunately everybody has neither the time nor the means to undertake so long a jaunt, and one must know how to limit oneself."

Although, however, "a jaunt *viâ* Thrace" is out of the question M. Gaston Boissier promises personally to conduct us to Sicily, and, after a summary of the Verrine orations, he actually (p. 196) "returns at last to Virgil, whom we have left too long," and brings us opposite Ætna, Virgil's description of which is criticised in this charming sentence: "If I must say all I think, I, like Aulu-Gelle, find a little verbosity and effort in it."

Finally we land near Mt. Eryx and hear more than we need about the beautiful slaves, "called in Greek *hierodules*," of the temple of Aphrodite. Then Æneas sets sail for Italy, and, after proving incidentally that the second six books of the Æneid are Virgil's noblest work, the writer amiably adds (p. 245), "Let us enter at length upon the study of the chief events narrated in them." But when the weary reader "at length" reaches the promised land he finds nothing better than a tedious description of the desolate wastes round Ostia and Laurentum, or is gravely informed that Nisus and Euryalus while traversing the camp of Turnus followed a road "skirting the shore and holding the place of the Via Severiana," but afterwards "turned to the left, their intention being to take the end of the *Stagno di Levante*, and then proceed," etc.

Thus though Virgil wrote the Georgics, though, like Burns, he first learned to "meditate the Muse" actually at the plough-tail, yet in this book about his "country" there is not a word about the country which he really knew and loved and sang; but the author has space in which to discuss the exact course taken by two imaginary heroes in a legendary flight. About a work written on such principles it is useless to speak at length, and it only remains to add that, whatever the merits of M. Boissier's French style, they do not—as the extracts given indicate—survive translation, and, however valuable his personal views may be, the occurrence, within thirteen lines of the phrases "I must own," "I do not find," "I cannot understand," "when I see," "I am seized," "I cannot pass," and "I always want" seems hardly consistent with literary taste. Finally the work in its English dress is disfigured by a continuous series of mistakes. "514 B.C." is given instead of 514 A.U.C. as the date of the first Roman drama. It is not English to write "the two Viscus," "white lecythes," and "the Cyclops themselves," nor are *Ahi*, *rerem* and *Accipieno* Latin. "The good Denys of Halicarnassus" is unknown in this country, nor is it usual to create him a peer and call him "Halicarnassus," while "Lucian" is not the writer of the Pharsalia; and "Cumea" (twice), "Juno Sacinia," "Squalan" "Menalcus," "Scalager" and "Ἀφροδίτη Αἰνειάς" need explanation. No amount of correction, however, could make the book a good one. It is merely a collection of slight essays bound up together and set off with a tempting title.

T. E. PAGE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FIRST LOVE.*

In the hundred and ninety-two pages of this book there is room for many new facts on a romance to which no person of sensibility is indifferent; and we settle down to it with the expectation that it is going to be attractive and rather indiscreet. There is no indiscretion at all; but much ingenuity in weaving words about a few, by

* "The Country of Horace and Virgil." By Gaston Boissier. Translated by D. Havelock Fisher. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896, pp. 346. 7s. 6d.)

* "The Story of Sir Walter Scott's First Love." With Illustrative Passages from his Life and Works, and Portraits of Sir Walter and Lady Scott and of Sir William and Lady Forbes. By Adam Scott. (Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.)

no means even all the facts that are commonly known. For whosoever will accept them in compensation, there are numerous entertaining anecdotes concerning other people, extracts from the Diary, the Novels, the Poems, and from Lockhart, on mostly irrelevant matters, and a great deal of fine sentiment. Mr. Adam Scott would probably say there is not much to tell now, and it is true. But since he set to making a book about it, he might have given all the easily available information. We give here, at least, more than he does.

When Lockhart's life was first published, a reviewer in *Tait's Magazine*, 1837, referring to the elliptical way in which the story was told, wrote, "A mystery is, for the first time, made of a matter that has been the current gossip in Scotland for more than forty years," adding, "Tens of thousands in Scotland have the power of filling the hiatus." The name of the lady, of course, was soon made known, yet even on that simple matter there is discrepancy amongst recent biographers. It is variously given as Margaret (which is a mistake), Williamina, and Willamina Belches Stuart. Mr. Hutton transposes the surnames. Her father was Sir John Wishart Belches Stuart, Bart. Her mother, Lady Jane Stuart, was a daughter of the Earl of Leven and Melville. The family seat was at Invermay, in Perthshire; but from 1777 Sir John was the owner of the estate of Fettercairn, or Middleton, in Forfarshire, which he purchased from the heirs of Lady Diana Middleton. That Scott, at the age of eighteen, first held converse with the young lady under a sheltering umbrella one rainy Sunday in Greyfriars churchyard, is well known; so is his long courtship of seven years in Edinburgh and at Invermay. The families were on friendly terms; but the elder Scott, alive to the difference of station between the lady and his son, a young lawyer with moderate prospects, wrote a letter to Sir John warning him of Walter's aspirations. The baronet replied a little haughtily, in the tone of one who could hardly believe the possibility of danger to his daughter's heart from that quarter. He seems to have put no hindrance in the way of their meetings, and there is no evidence at all to suggest that Scott was rejected in deference to a father's wishes. Miss Stuart, in 1795, at least, was encouraging, but during a visit paid to Invermay next year the lover found a colder welcome and a rival. The lucky suitor was a friend of his own, William Forbes, son of Sir William Forbes, the well-known banker. Forbes's prospects were better, and he was heir to a title—he succeeded in 1806—but it is merely our partiality for Scott, and no real evidence, that suggests worldly reasons for the lady's preference. It seems likely that she decided the matter for herself. At least we know of no interference from Sir John, and Lady Jane, thirty years after, wrote to Sir Walter: "Were I to lay open my heart (of which you knew little indeed), you would find how it has and ever shall be warm toward you. My age encourages me, and I have longed to tell you. Not the mother who bore you followed you more anxiously (though secretly) with her blessing than I. Age has its tales to tell and sorrows to unfold." They had not met for thirty years, but Scott now went to see the mother of his first love, "fairly softened" himself, and afterwards wrote in his Diary: "What a romance to tell—and told I fear it will one day be. And then my three years of dreaming and my two years of wakening will be chronicled, doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain."

The marriage took place on January 19th, 1797. The home of the Forbes's was for many years at Colintoun, near Edinburgh. But Scott probably never even set eyes on his first love again, though with his old friend, her husband, he was on excellent terms. Indeed, Sir William was a most generous friend in Scott's financial troubles. When he had taken the chair at a meeting of the creditors, Scott wrote: "In what scenes have Sir William and I not borne share together—desperate and almost bloody affrays, rivalries, deep drinking-matches, and finally, with the kindest feelings on both sides, somewhat separated by his retiring much within the bosom of his family, and I moving little beyond mine. It is fated our planets should cross, though, and that at the periods most interesting for me. Down—down—a hundred thoughts." When Forbes died, in 1828, Scott wrote to Lockhart, "You loved him well, I know, but it is impossible that you should enter into all my feelings on this occasion. My heart bleeds for his children."

Of Lady Forbes, whose portrait we are enabled to give by the courtesy of the publishers, the records are not many. Her marriage was evidently a very happy one, but it only lasted thirteen years. There were four sons and two daughters. She was in delicate health for some years before her death, which took place at Lympston, near Exeter, on December 5th, 1810, when her youngest child, afterwards Principal Forbes, was about a year and a half old. Her husband never recovered from her loss. His youngest son, writing after his death, says of him: "He had, it appears, so concentrated his affection on my mother, that with her loss he was a changed man; he lived as a Christian ought to do, striving to fulfil his duty to his family and to mankind by the most active but generally secret benevolence; but from the time of my mother's death, I suppose no one shared his entire confidence. . . In all the time I knew him he never mentioned my mother's name in my hearing but once or twice at the most." [Shairp's Life of Principal Forbes.] Principal Forbes made a pilgrimage to his mother's grave at Lympston in 1834. He was devoted to her memory, copied the letters from her his sister lent him, and knew them by heart. When he was a very young man, in 1830, he paid at least one visit to his father's old rival, and wrote

LADY FORBES.

of Sir Walter on this occasion, "He has a tremendous pair of eyes, but his manners were highly affable and pleasing."

The writer of the book before us makes several references to Lady Scott, and devotes the whole of Appendix C to giving Lockhart's account of the courtship. Lockhart's Life is not a rare book. If we are meant to accept his account it had better have been taken for granted. These references only call up to our recollection different versions of the story. The writer in *Tait's Magazine* we have already quoted—his articles, it should be said, are in the main hostile to Scott—talks of the gossip and contradictory stories about the affair, mentioning two accounts which differ from Lockhart's. One of these can be read in Hogg's "Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott." Hogg liked her; she was cradled in his remembrance as a "sweet, kind, and affectionate creature." But he was curious about her origin. "Who was Lady Scott originally? I really wish anybody would tell me, for surely somebody must know. There is a veil of mystery hung over that dear lady's birth and parentage which I have been unable to see through or lift up; and there have been more lies told to me about it, and even published in all the papers of Britain, by those who *ought* to have known, than ever was told about those of any woman that ever was born. I have, however,

a few urgent reasons for believing that the present Sir Walter's grandfather was a nobleman of very high rank." Hogg may not have got hold of the story accurately. At least there is an important difference between his suggestion and the narrative given in a business-like fashion in "Anecdotes of the Family Circle," published in 1836. There we are told that the nobleman, the Marquis of Downshire, who is everywhere named as Lady Scott's early guardian, went to Paris with a letter of introduction to M. Charpentier, *écuyer du roi* (provider of post-horses to the royal family of France) and subsequently eloped with the *écuyer*'s wife. There were two Charpentier children, whom their father seems to have cast off, and they were brought up by their mother, till she died, and afterwards under the general protection of Lord Downshire. The boy went to India. The girl was educated at a convent in Paris, and then came, under the charge of a governess, to London. There some mild flirtation of hers seems to have displeased her noble guardian, who packed her off to the seclusion of Gilsland Wells, near Carlisle, in the very year of Scott's bitter disappointment, and of his tour with the Ferguson brothers among the English lakes. The marriage took place, with Downshire's consent, four months after the first meeting.

But the story as suggested by Hogg is repeated, in an authoritative manner, and with details, by Dr. Charles Rogers in his "Leaves from my Autobiography" (Longmans, 1876), who presents us with another incident in the tale of Scott's heart. "During the same year [that of his rejection] he experienced a second heart-stroke in the unexpected marriage of his friend William Erskine's sister to Mr. Colquhoun of Killermont. Whatever were his intentions towards the latter, the young lady believed that her marriage would cause him some disquietude, for in the immediate prospect of it she wrote him an epistle in which she offered him gentle consolation."

All the accounts speak of Lady Scott's kindness, if they cannot testify to her strength of mind. Her husband spoke of her with much affection, but no flattery. "Even her foibles," he said, "were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections."

THE CROWD.*

Though in portions illogical, and not a little superficial, M. Le Bon's book keeps one's interest fast to the end. It is so brief and so clear that, whatever be its shortcomings, it forms an excellent starting-point for a study of a theme of much practical importance to-day. It is distinctly elementary; possibly a reader who has thought on the subject at all may find some wild exaggerations its only novelties. But though vague considerations of the subject are in the air and in the press, it is useful to have them set down with a kind of system. The principal error of the book, making an unproved statement and repeating it triumphantly as the major premiss of a new argument, is so open that it is never misleading.

M. Le Bon's position is briefly that of a man with a high reverence for intellect on its reasoning side, a keen regret that the world is not governed by reason, followed by a good-natured resignation to the fact, in which mood he draws a few not quite uncheerful conclusions as to the general trend of things. About the mental inferiority of crowds he is emphatic. "The work of a crowd is always inferior, whatever its nature, to that of an isolated individual." Again, "By the mere fact that he forms part of an organised crowd, a man descends several rungs in the ladder of civilisation." In this he is not speaking as a mere aristocrat, for he holds, with some exaggeration, "The decisions affecting matters of general interest come to by an assembly of men of distinction, but specialists in different walks of life, are not sensibly superior to the decisions that would be adopted by a gathering of imbeciles." Therefore he "draws no conclusion against universal suffrage." But he holds that "The great leaders of crowds of all ages, and those of the Revolution in particular, have been of lamentably narrow intellect." Garibaldi was "a talentless but energetic adventurer." Roughly speaking M. Le Bon is right, but after a great deal of confusion of thought. It is of the utmost importance to realise that a man of intellect need not cease to be a man of intellect in a crowd, though if he be too impatient or too sensitive a temper he had better hold aloof. It is possible to be consistently loyal to a sect or party and consistently discontented, to suppress all the modifications, refinements, or decorations which would make the object aimed at a worthy addition to human attainment, not because others are unable to conceive of these, but because they conceive of them differently, and a struggle might ensue, when even the mere dry bones of the purpose would be shattered and scattered.

M. Le Bon, while treating the crowd as mentally very stupid, is just to it on several grounds. A crowd is rarely self-interested, is capable of sacrifice, nobility, generosity, far surpassing that of its separate members. This, however, should not be granted so much as a mere concession, but put in the foreground. The educative influence of co-operation is one of the beneficent influences of a world which is mainly made up of persons of average qualities, whose better moments are those when they are acting with others and catching faith from their neighbours, and are shamed and stimulated into being better than their isolated selves. Reason is a beautiful thing, but with human nature as it is, unalloyed reason would be a terrible tyranny to inferior beings.

Like most scientific observers M. Le Bon has much to say on the power of illusions on the popular mind. "Not truth but error has always been the chief factor in the evolution of nations, and the reason why socialism is so powerful to-day is that it constitutes the last illusion that is still vital." There he touches a subject on which a scientist is always hasty. Everyone must grant that in reaching civilisation we have lost much—sensitiveness to the events of the outer world, for instance. The animals and primitive people are better endowed in this way than a cultivated man. The crowd is primitive. It has its keen scents which the scholar in the study misses, and it pursues them madly. These illusions may be far-off truths seen darkly through the gathering mists of time, which, nowadays, one must be a poet, or maybe must catch the primitive contagion of a crowd, to see. Imagination is taken here as if it were merely the educational influence of the childish state of humanity, and hardly an intellectual force at all. In reality it is the greatest of such. And it is to be noted that poets and artists, however lonely and despised may be their lives, are of the crowd. The subject might lead us far. Man conforming to a family tradition, or to society, is less himself, and sometimes this means loss. He cannot use the whole of himself in a crowd, but he will be the richer if he come near enough to contribute the mite that is utilisable.

What he says of the government of the popular mind by charlatans and by empty words, is notoriously true, and as a warning the whole book is timely and valuable. It is not all the truth. The main conclusions are right, but there is injustice in a rough-and-ready treatment of the subject—the very injustice, in fact, that the crowd metes out, and there is a dangerous encouragement to cynical leadership by consciously insincere means. Such leadership has a lamentable success for a day, and cannot be counted on. The atoms of the most homogeneous crowds are continually asserting themselves in the shape of savagery, vengeance, sudden intelligence, and a higher morality most surprising to the cynical leader. Napoleon and the great men here cited never consistently counted on the degradation of the crowd.

The one truth in M. Le Bon's book which is quite incontrovertible, the terrible slowness of the masses to grasp or put into action the thoughts that to lonely men ages ago have been commonplaces—"The beginning of a revolution is in reality the end of a belief"—no young person will believe. Every generous youth is of the crowd, and so the slow world does somehow move on. And even of those whom experience has driven to agreement, there must be few whose faith in the power of institutions and of education is at quite so low an ebb as the writer's. On the decay of opinion, too, there is occasion for interesting disagreement with him. This decay is a blessed fact just now, he thinks, when the crowd is master; otherwise unbearable tyranny would ensue. Nevertheless, he sees in it a sign of decadence. What, by

* "The Crowd: A Study of the Popular Mind." By Gustave Le Bon. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

the way, is not a sign of decadence at present? Why should the world not set a time aside for making its mind a little more flexible, without being supposed to be nearing its dotage?

LE GALLIENNE'S NEW BOOK.*

Mr. Le Gallienne is the Dick Whittington of Song. His story reminds us of that other Richard, who, one summer morning many hundreds of years ago, sat listening to the bells of distant London. The one carried his little all tied up in a handkerchief slung to the end of a stick; the other came to London to seek his fortune with a sheaf of manuscript poems in his pocket and any number of poems singing in his head. Now Mr. Le Gallienne is a figure in "society," and lives in a beautiful house crowded with costly bric-à-brac and valuable books, but I like to think sometimes of the sloping-roofed room, nestling under the gables of one of the most picturesque buildings left in London—quaint old Staple's Inn—which was his first home in the great city.

It was in just such a room that one might picture Chatterton—rough-hewn oak beams above, uneven oak flooring below, and in front a "magic casement" "opening upon the foam"—not of "perilous seas"—but of perilous streets, where the black tides of hurrying human creatures never ceases to ebb and flow. Here were his bed, his books, and his papers. Here, too, though shillings were probably scarcer than sovereigns are now, were the flowers, which the extravagant tenant of the prophet's chamber was never too poor to deny himself—the flowers which were the inspiration of many of his songs. And here on a little stove in a corner he would himself boil the water with which to brew for his visitor the tea or coffee that he would hand round with the ease and grace of a duke dispensing hospitality in his castle.

I have been betrayed into this personal reminiscence by reading how "Love, a poor poet in need of a room for his bed and his rhymes," and "Beauty, a little blue-eyed girl who loved him," transformed into a seventh heaven a single seventh-story room which they had rented, for surely "Love" stands for Mr. Le Gallienne himself, and "Beauty" for the sweet-faced young wife with dove-like eyes and dove-like voice, whose loss has been the great sorrow of the poet's life. It was in a beautiful idyll called "A Seventh-Story Heaven" that I read of the transformation, and this brings me to the fact with which I started or ought to have started—that Mr. Le Gallienne has published a new book. In other words he has set open the door of another House of Welcome on the literary highway. And surely 'twere as hard, on a glaring summer's noon, for a tired and thirsty traveller to pass by some ancient hostelry, through the ivy-hung porch of which he sees, lying back in cool shadow, a quaint stone-paven nook with a glimpse of green lawn and box-bordered flower beds beyond, as it were for the literary wayfarer to turn aside from a volume titled like Mr. Le Gallienne's. "The Prose Fancies of a Poet"! Could a more alluring sign be set aswing before the doors of any literary House of Refreshment? Nor when we have entered are we disappointed by the bill of fare which is put before us. "A Seventh-Story Heaven," "Spring by Parcel Post," "A Poet in the City," "Brown Roses," "Death and Two Friends," "A Seaport in the Moon"—here surely is a list which might stir the imagination, even of unimaginative folk.

The score or so of "Fancies" which form the volume are, as was only to be expected, of very varying merit. To the opening idyll, "A Seventh Story Heaven," reference has already been made. Mr. Le Gallienne's friend and neighbour Mr. Grant Allen, a delightful naturalist and essayist, whom Society by her neglect has turned into a thrower into her midst of Nihilistic bombs in the guise of novels, could bear witness to the fact that nests are built in strange places, but surely never did love-birds find such strange quarters for their home as this eyrie at the top of a building, the ground floor of which was a sailors' tavern. But dingy and unlovely as the spot may be, it is made beautiful for us in Mr. Le Gallienne's page as the scene of a love-story so exquisitely told, and so tremulous with tender pathos that we can only compare it to the work of the gentle Elia.

I cannot say as much for the second Fancy, whimsically entitled "Spring by Parcel Post," for it is surely an error of taste which every admirer of Mr. Le Gallienne's genius must regret. "The big Dutch hyacinths," he writes, "are already shamelessly *enceinte* with their buxom waxen blooms, so fat and fragrant—(one is already delivered of a fine blossom. Well, that is a fine baby, to be sure! says the other hyacinths with babes no less bonny under their own green aprons—all waiting for the doctor Sun)."

I wonder if this offends the taste of my readers as much as it offends mine. Mr. Le Gallienne may quote science and physiology against me, but I must confess that in regard to children and flowers I like to keep my very thoughts free from the smirch of sex, though I concede and contend that the smirch is entirely of man's, not of God's making. But in the passage I have quoted there is a certain coarseness of associations which is painful in connection with the purest and most perfect thing on God's earth—a flower. It was to me as if hot hands were tampering with the petals of a lily. The air seemed to become close as I read, and it was not until I had had a dip—as into cool spring water—into the flower-poems of Burns and Wordsworth that I could go on with my reading of "Prose Fancies."

Let us turn the page and forget that one of the most delicately-minded of living poets, whose work has hitherto been distinguished for exquisite fancy and excellent taste, should so far have "lost himself" as to have written it.

"Variations upon Whitebait" is a caprice as skilful as Rossetti's famous sonnet "A Match with the Moon." It is a very curiosity in similes, and though Mr. Le Gallienne will toss you a fresh and apt simile for every fish upon your fork, though he introduce as many variations as a pianist introduces into "Home, Sweet Home," yet the essay is not all variation, but has a pretty story running like the thread of a tune throughout.

As for the "Letter to an Unsuccessful Literary Man," I would suggest that it be lithographed in order that the successful author may use it as a form with which to reply to the uninvited correspondent. If only Mr. Le Gallienne could induce amateurs to read this letter instead of writing letters of their own to that most baited of beings, the professional author, what a boon he would confer upon his fellow-craftsmen! The essay "On Loving One's Enemies" is scarcely written in the spirit which its title and its protestations of charity might lead us to suppose. It strikes me as somewhat self-conscious and defiant; but "Death and Two Friends" contains some really signal work. For the gem of the book, however, we must turn to "A Seaport in the Moon." This and the opening chapter, "A Seventh Story Heaven," are in themselves worth the modest sum which the publishers ask for the volume. "A Seaport in the Moon" is an exquisitely beautiful fancy. Mr. Le Gallienne was in the right mood when he wrote it, and when he is in the mood he is a magician. His page glows like a painter's palette with rich colours, and the pictures come and go before us like sunset pageants. "As I write," he says, "the moon looks down on me, like a Madonna from the great canvas of the sky. She seems beautiful with the beauty of all the eyes that have looked up at her; sad, with all the tears of all those eyes; like a silver bowl brimming with the tears of dead lovers she seems. Yes, there are seaports in the moon; there are ships to take us there."

Here we have Mr. Le Gallienne at his best, and when he is at his best we sigh to think he should ever have to give us anything else. What would become of the lark's song—that "fountain in the sky," as poor Richard Jefferies called it—if the minstrel had, come shadow, come shine, to pour out so many thousand trills per hour, on penalty of a dinnerless day? Our lark, if he is a bird of spirit, would no doubt reel off the requisite "trills" rather than that his mate and wee ones should go wormless to bed; but though epicures might still tickle their palates with "lark-pie," poets would soon cease to celebrate the lark's song.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

* "Prose Fancies." Second Series. By Richard Le Gallienne. (Lane.)

MRS. WOODS' NEW POEM.*

Mrs. Woods' new poem is doubtless in its origin an attempt to translate into drama the sentiment of a locality. She has heard

> "A clamour as of lamentable things
> Climbing up from the shore and swooping seawards,
> All clashing round Ty Mawr;"

and has thought to fashion a tragedy in which human character and human passions shall be governed by the wild estuary and its solitary lighthouse. It is frankly an experiment in a manner new to the writer, who has indeed deserved that even her experiments should receive serious attention. But I do not think that she has quite appreciated the conditions of the problem. Winds and waters in turmoil require that the human life beside them should be pitched in a low key; it shall have its tragedies, but these must be, in expression at least, subdued, inarticulate. Who, since Lear, contending with the fretful elements, has ever been Titan enough to outchide them? And therefore we must seek another way. Mrs. Woods should have left much unsaid, should have suggested, and used symbols. Maeterlinck, perhaps, would have given her the secret. But her tragedy insists upon itself; the puppets strive to make themselves heard in the storm; they strain their throats, and are not a whit the more tragic for it; for, after all, their staccato sounds but poorly beside the irresistible oncoming tide that knows no hysterics. Of course there are lines and phrases of authentic poetry—Mrs. Woods could not have written else; but they lend themselves regrettably to quotation:

> "Winged Ariel, fleeting Ariel I thought
> Ever the one right lover for Miranda.
> She should have spread milk-white transparent wings
> And flitted with him to that delicate lair
> I the cowslip's bell."

Or again,

> "Honour—Honour,
> Blinder than Love and vacant as ribbed Death,
> Honour, that heaven-white star which stoops from heaven,
> To play the Jack-o'-lantern—wayward Honour
> And untoward Chance undid me."

A quaint mortuary ballad is chanted through the piece. It has a weird beauty, but does not compose well with the rest.

Mrs. Woods' blank verse is licentious beyond licence. Trochaic and trisyllabic feet jostle one another in the cinque-pace; and elisions are rather the rule than the exception. Shakespeare did these things, in his later and more audacious moods, but if Mrs. Woods will look into it she will find that she has out-Shakespeared Shakespeare. He has always his calmer tracts; she worries us with infinite variety. His dialogue is colloquial, but colloquial dialogue has no place in a drama which could never hold the stage. Moreover, since Shakespeare the genius of the language has transformed itself. Elizabethan pronunciation and Elizabethan accent were at the mercy of the poet for their internal anarchy. But we have taken upon us fetters which must be made the best of, and to ignore them is to meet the charge of archaism.

EDMUND K. CHAMBERS.

THE LIFE OF DR. HORT.†

If on seeing these two considerable volumes the intending reader may not unreasonably ask whether this is not a case in which the half would have been better than the whole, he can at aay rate be in no doubt of the desirableness of having some biography of Dr. Hort. Of the great Cambridge Triumvirate, Dr. Lightfoot has passed away, leaving his monument in his works, Dr. Westcott is happily still with us, and only in this "Life of Dr. Hort" can the public see the nature of their association. The work of Dr. Hort, too, was of such a kind as rather tended to the repression than to the manifestation of character; and those who day by day enjoy the fruit of his life-long toil naturally desire to come a little closer to the personality which lay behind it. That personality is abundantly revealed in the letters which form by far the larger part of these volumes. Addressed mainly to one or two intimate friends, they are full of personal touches, and become an unconsciously written autobiography. It will surprise many who have been accustomed to think of Dr. Hort as they think of a good Lexicon, capable of yielding full and accurate information, but without human interests and emotions, to find that he was an exceptionally many-sided man, an eager and successful botanist, a writer of poetry and a landscape painter, a good musical critic and practitioner, an enthusiastic and bold mountaineer and founder of the Alpine Club, a warm and generous friend, and the delight of his children—vital throughout his whole nature, and carrying an indomitable energy into all his occupations.

But the characteristic which most prominently appears in this memoir is one that must be lamented. To commence great undertakings was easy to Dr. Hort, to finish them almost impossible. It is most tantalising to read these letters, and learn how many excellent schemes he initiated, worked at for a while, and then dropped. This was perhaps due, not only to his fastidiousness and conscientiousness, but to his being peremptorily called by circumstances to distracting work, and partly to the great loss of time entailed by imperfect health. Indeed, as one follows him through these letters the wonder grows, not that he did not achieve more, but that he was able to accomplish so much; not that his translation of Plato, and his revised Winer, and his Commentary on the Epistles of James, Peter, and Jude, and his "great history" of the Church, never appeared, but that amidst all distractions and disabling hindrances he should have produced, or aided in producing, a Greek Text of the New Testament, which, whether it approves itself or not, is at all events scientifically ascertained, and the result of firmly held principles. He was but twenty-three years of age when his attention was first turned to the Text, and two years after, in 1853, Westcott and he "came to a distinct and positive understanding about our Greek Text and the details thereof." But instead of occupying him for a year or two as at first he expected, he was more or less engaged upon this work for almost thirty years. Even after all this expenditure of time and toil, it must be matter of regret that the editors did not issue with the text a *complete* critical apparatus, and it will interest many to read (ii. 240) that "the *pièces justificatives* . . will yet be made accessible." Certainly this would be a most welcome addition and buttress to Hort's great work.

It is difficult clearly to apprehend what Dr. Hort's position as a Churchman was. On the one hand, he professes himself "a staunch sacerdotalist," and speaks of Protestantism's "crazy horror of the idea of priesthood;" and in speaking of Baptism he betrays a misunderstanding of the Calvinistic or High Church Protestant, as distinguished from the High Church Anglican view. On the other hand, his sympathies seem to have been largely, though not wholly, with Maurice; and when he does explicitly utter himself regarding Anglicanism it is not with unqualified approval. Indeed, in one letter (ii. 30, 31) he shows that he had at any rate once perceived the principle which absolutely explodes all that is implied and contained in sacerdotalism: "If we may take St. Paul's life and work for our guidance we may well be content to put up with comparative formlessness, for I know not how many generations, rather than go back to 'the elements of the world.'" But as Dr. Hort was, after all, rather a pioneer in investigation than a leader in theology, we are more concerned in arriving at a knowledge of his character than of his opinions.

MARCUS DODS.

MRS. MEYNELL'S NEW ESSAYS.*

Mrs. Meynell, more than nearly any other writer of the day, demands to be read and judged in a particular mood. She does not conquer ours—I doubt if she would wish to. She waits patiently for the mood that must come some time

* "Wild Justice: A Dramatic Poem." By Margaret L. Woods. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

† "Life and Letters of Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D." By his son, Arthur Fenton Hort, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co., Ld.)

* "The Colour of Life, and other Essays on Things Seen and Heard." By Alice Meynell. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

to all who value in letters exquisiteness, reserve, and distinction of thought and expression. The mood in which her rare qualities have a strongly attractive influence is never far away from some people, doubtless, but in others it is only occasional. They rebel and fret, being used to a freer, or perhaps a grosser, atmosphere. Yet, in escaping, not a few own up handsomely that their discontent reflects discredit only on their own undisciplined minds; or their nearest approach to hostile criticism may be an argument with themselves in defence of their alienation. To differ from Mrs. Meynell needs self-respect.

Far less than in her earlier volume, "The Rhythm of Life," have I experienced a mere occasional and awe-struck admiration, or felt myself to be, as she says the art of Japan is, "alien, remote, incapable of equal companionship." But then I own to being more drawn to the airier themes she deals with here, where her essential qualities are probably less rather than more aptly expressed. I take back something of what I said about her not conquering moods; for any lover of the sky must be taken possession of by her essay on "Clouds." There is not a word of mere eloquent writing in it. She has looked with no one else's eyes, has seen truly and a great deal, and her large vision has softened her expression.

"It is in the confidence of the winds, and wears their colours. There is a heavenly game, on south-west wind days, when the clouds are bowled by a breeze from behind the evening. They are round and brilliant, and come leaping up from the horizon for hours. This is a frolic and haphazard sky. . . . The perspective of a cloud is a great part of its design—whether it lies so that you can look along the immense horizontal distances on its floor, or whether it rears so upright a pillar that you look up its mountain steeps in the sky as you look at the rising heights of a mountain that stands, with you, on the earth. . . .

"The cloud has a name suggesting darkness; nevertheless, it is not merely the guardian of the sun's rays and their director. It is the sun's treasurer; it holds the light that the world has lost. We talk of sunshine and moonshine, but not of cloud-shine, which is yet one of the illuminations of our skies. A shining cloud is one of the most majestic of all secondary lights. If the reflecting moon is the bride, this is the friend of the bridegroom."

There are many other passages, too, in this and other essays giving proof of a watchful, independent observation and a fine vision of nature. But with these the necessary mood passes off. One begins to battle with some extensions of Mrs. Meynell's great distinction, her dislike of the obvious. She refuses to make looking or thinking or writing easy. All things, she seems to say, demand effort, and she honestly complies, the result being a sturdy independence which compels respect. But she outruns herself sometimes, and arrives where I am sure she would not desire to be. This dislike of the obvious does not often lead her to use difficult circumlocutions, yet the essay called "Donkey Races," a shrewd and just criticism of some points in English acting, is far too much of a puzzle for any inherent difficulties of the thought in it. In one case her characteristic dislike of the obvious—a refreshing and stimulating trait—almost amounts to a denial. Mrs. Meynell has humour, though it is not her strong point, and I like to imagine that she, too, after writing "A Woman in Grey," enjoys that in it which makes some of her readers' eyes twinkle—

"She had learnt the difficult peace of suspense. She had learnt also the lowly and self-denying faith in common chances. She had learnt to be content with her share—no more—in common security, and to be pleased with her part in common hope. . . . To this courage the woman in grey had attained with a spring, and she had seated herself suddenly upon a place of detachment between earth and air, freed from the principal detentions, weights, and embarrassments of the usual life of fear. She had made herself, as it were, light, so as not to dwell either in security or danger, but to pass between them. She confessed difficulty and peril by her delicate evasions, and consented to rest in neither. She would not owe safety to the mere motionlessness of a seat on the solid earth, but she used gravitation to balance the slight burdens of her wariness and her confidence. She put aside all the pride and vanity of terror, and leapt into an unsure condition of liberty and content."

The goddess of the air is—a woman bicycling among the traffic of Oxford Street. Where has Mrs. Meynell reached in her dislike of the obvious? Perilously near the journalist of the last generation that called a spade "an agricultural implement." This is an extreme case, by no means characteristic of a volume marked by keen wit and artistic economy of words. A. M.

BISHOP THOROLD.*

Bishop Thorold's Life was worth writing. He was in no sense a great or a remarkable man. He was neither very learned, nor very eloquent, nor very popular; but there was both in the character and the work of the Bishop an individuality which made it fitting that his Life should be written. That individuality is fairly represented in Mr. Simpkinson's book. He has successfully indicated the curiously complex character of the Bishop. Here is the portrait of a man sincerely, consistently devout, preserving throughout life (save for a few years at Oxford) the simplicity of the faith in which he had been reared. The child is weakly, sentimental, affectionate; the undergraduate mildly dissipated (he once rode in a college steeplechase, and made much of it); the country curate full of pastoral zeal; the town incumbent at St. Giles' and St. Pancras' active to the point of exhaustion; the Bishop a wise organiser, skilled in the art of choosing men and setting others to work, full of sympathy for the active and of contempt for the idle, spending freely of his own, carrying a cheerful face, yet suffering in mind and in body, always and everywhere living in and glorying in his work.

Such a character should have attracted all; but there were defects. Mr. Simpkinson does not shirk the difficult and thankless task of showing what those defects were, but he touches them very gently. The Bishop's exterior displayed the worst and not the best of the spirit within him. His manner was self-conscious and affected; he was always posing; he was open to flattery, and sought it. The studied artifice of his manner was reflected in his literary style, for he loved phrase-making. When he spoke in public his look repeatedly called to mind one of Mr. Ruskin's asides after reading to an Oxford audience an extract from one of his own books—"I flatter myself that is rather well done." Some only saw these externals, and scoffed. Others knew that there was better stuff beneath them; knew that unchanging sincerity and real kindness of heart were hidden. There is a passage in Mr. Simpkinson's book which exactly hits off the Bishop's mannerisms and their first influence. It is the story by a South London incumbent of a sermon preached by the Bishop in the Chapel of Pembroke, Cambridge. The mannerisms began by repelling everyone. But the man presently shone through them. That is what happened in the diocese. As many as knew little of the Bishop more often disliked than liked him; South London abounds in stories which do not appear in Mr. Simpkinson's pages. But those who knew the Bishop best loved him most, and that is the witness of his worth. Of his work—solid, varied, judicious—it must suffice here to say that he fully vindicated the choice for a bishopric of a man who had no University distinction, but a wide experience of parochial life and an excellent grasp of affairs.

Mr. Simpkinson's book is fitted to its subject: it is neither great nor brilliant; it has mannerisms; but it is a solid, trustworthy, readable work; conscientious, fair, and sympathetic. Perhaps a more expert biographer would have brightened the volume by preserving many of the good stories so well told by the Bishop. They were characteristic of the man, and were often of very genuine interest.

A. R. BUCKLAND.

NOVEL NOTES.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS. By Sydney C. Grier. 6s. (Blackwood).

We had no idea it took so long to get to Bagdad. Accustomed to the short cuts of the "Arabian Nights," we resented very much having to wait while an uninteresting ex-high school girl obtained her B.A. degree, got worsted in her endeavours to teach her rampageous step-brothers and sisters, and took the flutters on unnecessary occasions.

* "The Life and Work of Bishop Thorold." By C. H. Simpkinson. (Isbister and Co.)

Her hesitation about setting out for one of the favourite homes of our imagination had a spinster-like cravenness which roused our animosity. But though the journey is long in her dull company, we do reach Bagdad at last, a Bagdad rather spoilt, we must own, by the presence of tame English people, whose presence we object to almost as much as could the devoutest servants of the prophet. Cecil Anstruther has been appointed sole instructor in the arts and sciences, in English moral, and general European cultivation, to the young Azim Bey, aged ten. Her duty she carries out with extreme conscientiousness, and, as Azim is a lonely little soul, he forms a dog-like attachment for her, which has tragical and comical consequences. By this time our grievance has disappeared, for the story becomes of keen interest, sprinkled as it is with plots and attempted poisoning and other kinds of murder, during which Cecil plays a creditable and not too school-marmish part. Her influence with the young Bey is, of course, a source of great danger to her, and her attachment to Charlie Egerton, an imprudent but likeable young doctor, with a talent for getting into scrapes and disturbing diplomatic peace, is the cause of wild jealousy on the part of her young master. So far as we are concerned, Cecil and Charlie only interest us moderately, even when their fortunes are in their most desperate state; but Azim Bey is fascinating and deeply pathetic. His Eastern precocity makes him any mature age you like: he might be a wily old statesman of fifty, and his manners are ceremonious and finished enough to grace the most exacting court. Given bad French books to feed on, when a mere infant, by a villainous Greek, he knows far more of evil than he should. But the sweetness and charm of childhood have not left him, and though he, too, is a plotter, and hungers for Egerton's blood, he is, as he said of himself on one occasion, a gentleman. The description of international difficulties in a place like Bagdad is no doubt most clever and accurate; but the figure of the serious little Bey is what one must remember the book by. Save for Azim we cannot say it nearly equals the author's "In Furthest Ind." To return to our grievance, how could so able a writer as Mr. Grier permit himself so dull a beginning?

IN THE WAKE OF KING JAMES. By Standish O'Grady. 6s. (Dent.)

Mr. Standish O'Grady has fine imaginative powers and likewise a strong affection for certain old conventions. We wonder which will gain him most success in the end. In his stories of adventure the trail of the "Swiss Family Robinson" is always visible. A love of mechanical contrivances and a delight in inventing something approaching to the resources of civilisation for his hidden caverns, should win him the hearty interest of all boys. Here in this story he can give way to it with great plausibility, for the cavern in Lan Bran was prepared by slow degrees, and at one time with the thought that it might shelter King James. Charmingly boyish, too, is his stage machinery of subterranean passages, the battering ram, appearing just when it is wanted, the dungeons, and the frequently used rack in Dun-Randal-on-the-Sea, where dwelt the irredeemably black-hearted and most handsome villains—Sir Theodore and his sons. Of far higher delight are the occasional flashes of poetry that illumine the tale. A reader feels the warning and confiding hand of Sheela given secretly to the one true man in the black castle; and, clumsy idiot though that hero be, he has all the world that reads his tale sympathetic with his love story. When he gets his chance of being a man and of saving Sheela who had saved him, he proves that he is not emotionally dull. A moment of force and exaltation is described as such a moment deserves. There are attempts at psychology in the treatment of the characters which are not completely successful, but Lieutenant O'Mally is a pleasant fellow, and Sheela is a star. The story may not be any measure of Mr. O'Grady's power, but here as elsewhere his direct calls to the romance in us cannot be withstood.

THE PROBLEM OF PREJUDICE. By Mrs. Vere Campbell. Little Novel, No. 3. 1s. (Unwin.)

Mrs. Vere Campbell's story stands out with clear eminence among the fiction of the day, and especially among such stories as deal with the eternal marriage problem. It is strong, direct, restrained, and it shirks no difficulty of the situation for want of subtlety. Margaret Marey is an unhappy woman—irrevocably so as long as her husband lives and she remains faithful to him. The possibility of release comes not only in a plausible form, but in one to which her sense of dignity and morality consents. There is work as well as liberty outside the blighted field. Power, who would liberate her, is neither villain nor saint, but a man who must win every reader's sympathy. Yet he has to go away and leave Margaret in the field of blight, being powerless before her reason for faithfulness, though unconvinced by it. It is the very depth of brutality in her husband, his bestiality, which has left him helpless and alone in a not very fastidious world, that appeals to her. From beginning to end there is nothing morbid or artificial in Mrs. Campbell's story, but a rare power combined with as rare and subtle a delicacy.

THE FALSE LAUREL. By O. Shakespeare. 2s. (Osgood, McIlvaine.)

In a former story of Mrs. Shakespeare's, "Love on a Mortal Lease," there were refinements and subtleties that pleased and interested a reader unable to think very highly of the work as a whole. The plan of the book and the conception of the characters had a tone of extreme youth, a weakness by no means without charm. The present story is very much younger, and not so charming. The refinement and subtlety are more in intention than in fact, and the plot and the personages are very artificial. They seem all the more so because of the tremendous solemnity with which they are treated. Perhaps Daria could live very really in the work of a powerful writer, but one feels repulsion and very little interest in the contemplation of a woman all intellect and no emotion, who marries without love, makes her husband jealous by her intercourse with a man for whom she has no affection, who destroys her poems with jealous rage because they are not so good as her husband's, who leaves her home to write great plays, wrestles with insanity and poverty, and commits suicide in the end—none too soon for our comfort. A story like Mrs. Shakespeare's lies under great difficulties. At least three of the characters are supposed to be geniuses. Now geniuses in daily life may be occasionally commonplace and dull, but they flash the power of their personality on you at times. About the genius of Daria, Jonathan, and Ravenscroft we have the bare word of this writer. Jonathan might just as well have been labelled an insurance clerk as a poet. Ravenscroft, the cynical critic, is nothing in particular; and Daria, the insane woman of genius, is a sickly eccentricity, the least interesting thing under the sun. Abnormal people have evidently the effect of making the writer preternaturally solemn—a bad starting mood for either the scientific observation or the imaginative delineation of human character.

MALOMBRA. By Antonio Foggazzaro. Translated by F. T. Dickson. 6s. (Unwin.)

We feel inclined to condole with Mr. Dickson, who has taken such pains to translate a long Italian novel into English, and who yet cannot possibly hope for much gratitude. His translation is better than we are accustomed to; but his selection is unfortunate. "Malombra" is not a commonplace book. Reading it in Italian, and in Italy, it would pass; there are high sentiments in it and out-of-the-way characters, and the writer is something of a poet. But it will not stand the test Mr. Dickson has subjected it to. It is tedious; the personages are not alive; the mysterious legend and the tragedy are unreal. And, speaking solely with regard to its effect on English readers, the particular moment in Italian history, 1864, which has neither the temper of the one régime nor the other, lacks striking interest. The fine shades only an Italian can rightly appreciate. The indefiniteness of "Malombra" is its ruin. It is a little sensational, and a little poetical, and a little elevated, and a little satirical. But being not much of any of these things, its appeal does not reach effectively beyond the Alps.

LIFE IN ARCADIA. By J. S. Fletcher. 5s. net. (Lane.)

Mr. Fletcher's sketches and stories make a pleasant book. They are of many complexions—gay, humorous, tragic, and rhapsodical, and it must be said of many qualities. There is some talk of Art in his dedication. It is agreeable to talk

of Art, but the mention of it brings responsibilities. Not a third of the things here have anything to do with Art at all, though, we repeat, most of them are pleasant reading. We like Mr. Fletcher best when we are not forced to imagine him imitating Addison, or Mr. Hardy's rustic humour, or some one else who has before him imitated a seventeenth century imitation of Arcadia. He can tell a plain rustic tale plainly, and he does so a good many times in the section called "Life's Tragedy," though the lighter ones, like "Love and the Law," "The Elector," and "A Pillar of the Church," have a directness, brevity, and lightne that raise him to the rank of the skilled story-writer.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF GEORGE DRIFFELL. By James Payn. (Smith, Elder.)

This is a very easy-going story of mystery. George Driffell, a prosperous and apparently happy man of business, suddenly disappeared without apparent reason. But a doctor, discussing him years before, had said there were signs about him of strange possibilities. He was an emotional, imaginative man, and his wife and son were uninteresting, but affectionate and well-conducted persons. They never learnt all his after history, but others did. Had he bought an island in the South Seas, and reigned there as king, or become a dancing dervish, we should have been less surprised; but to hear of his giving up one dull form of domesticity in the country for another in a respectable London suburb, and going to business every day, is very disappointing. Yet perhaps it is the most startling development possible. Mr. Payn makes not the slightest attempt to hold our interest, but somehow by his complete absence of effort, his extreme simplicity of manner, and confidence in our goodwill, he captures us as usual.

WYNNUM. By J. D. Hennessey. 6s. (Sampson Low).

Here, indeed, are unstinted wonder and romance. It concerns a young man who finds a treasure of jewels, valuable but infected, hidden away at the time of the plague. A French manuscript in the casket bids him search out the descendant of the owner's unattained and dear lady. A villain discovers the secret too, and working on the young man's vanity, decoys him out of the house by the fascination of a certain Mademoiselle le Blanc, suddenly sprung on his acquaintance. Of course, after many complications, it turns out that this wicked decoy is a great-souled if mistaken young woman, and no other than the youthful heiress of the jewels. But she dies of the plague, whose germs are not destroyed in two hundred years, in order that Wynnum the hero may conveniently marry a much more respectable, if also less interesting, young person, called Miriam. Mademoiselle le Blanc, however, continues to be his inspiration, and he becomes a great orator and writer of books. He "hears a kind of murmuring sound in the distance, as though the wings of an angel fluttered above him in his dreams," which means that Louie, the ex-consort of burglars, is working on his soul. Meanwhile, to his wife he says, "'Miriam, you may sit there, but don't speak a word.' And Miriam watched him with an interest hovering upon religious awe." Oh, measureless are the charity and faith of the romantic novelist!

MARSENA. By Harold Frederic. 1s. (Unwin.)

If Mr. Frederic takes a long time to tell us enough about Octavius village to make us realise its look and temper, wearying us just a little in the meanwhile, we more than forgive him for the restrained power of the last chapters. We could have understood the melancholy Marsena, and even the formidable Miss Julia, quite well without such elaborate explanations and introductions. Indeed, Mr. Frederic has spun into a fairly long story what would have been most effective as a short one. But he has not missed fire. "'Would you,' [he Marsena] said, boldly—'I never spoke of it before—but would you—that is, if I was to enlist and go to the war—would that make any difference? You know what I mean.' She looked up at him with magnetic sweetness in her dusky, shadowed glance. 'How can any able-bodied young patriot hesitate at such a time as this?' she made answer, and pressed his arm." Of course, he goes. She sent others too. "'If you only give her time,' said one cool observer, 'she'll have the whole male unmarried population of Octavius, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, down there wallerin' around in the Virginny swamps, feedin' the musketeers and makin' a bid for glory!'" But Marsena had been sent with a special hope, seeing he had replaced Dwight Ransom in her affections. Both these young men met her again, when she was moving heaven and earth, and bustling the surgeons, to bring help to her new favourite, a slightly wounded colonel this time. Her movements were suddenly "checked by a hand on the ground, which held firmly in its grasp a fold of her skirt. . . . 'You know who it is, don't you?' asked Dwight Ransom. She looked at the man who had died as his fingers relaxed the hold of her dress. 'He recognised you!' said Dwight, with significant gravity. 'It's Marsena Pulford.' 'Oh, poor man!' exclaimed Miss Julia. 'If he'd only spoken to me I would gladly have fanned him too. But I was so anxious about the Colonel here that I never took a fair look at him. I daresay I shouldn't have recognised him, even then. Beards do change one so, don't they!'"

LESBIA. By Anna C. Steele. 6s. (Bell.)

Lesbia is a butterfly, or rather a bright-coloured stinging fly, pursued by a serious-minded person who takes her for a spirit of light. The discovery is not long delayed, and Kenneth Ross, after trying by high-flown language to change Lesbia's nature, sends her off to indulge her frivolity in more fitting company. But the company more congenial to her frivolity was not so attentive to her comforts, and she came back. There was a grand Reconciliation, which probably did not last, but we needn't poke our noses over the wall of the last chapter. There are far too much talk and too much unabsorbed sentiment about the book. But one of the characters, the light-minded Ulick, lives and is as unjustly popular with readers as with his large circle of friends. And lovers of horses will find these creatures appreciatively dealt with by the authoress of "Lesbia."

A FEMININE CONVICTION. By George St. George. 1s. (A. Constable.)

It is difficult to follow Mr. George St. George along the path of his "conviction." It begins well, nevertheless. The heroine, after spending five years in the West, where she learns to shoot straight, comes back to England. There she proves the angel of an unfortunate household, but finds it necessary one evening to shoot her brother-in-law for the protection of her sister. That is all right. But we lose faith in the writer's knowledge of what he is talking about when he describes her life in prison. It is given merely from the outside, and the outside is not very accurately drawn. Then the love-story is more improbable than it is romantic. And after that—chaos. Jess proves an excellent mother to the chaplain's children, which is an excuse for yards of baby-talk. And because Mr. St. George wants us to drop a tear over her, he makes her forget to report herself at the date fixed by her ticket-of-leave, and packs her off to prison, constables and magistrates behaving rather queerly, we think, and the inventor of the story keeping the husband carefully out of the way till his wife goes incurably mad. There is no sense in this kind of miserable invention.

MISS DRUMMOND'S DILEMMA. By R. Ramsay. (Bentley.)

It is not often so good a story is built up on an absurd mistake, a very improbable mistake, too, in this case; for affectionate parents are not very likely to so misread a *Times* advertisement as, on the eve of their departure for India, to leave their sane daughter with a lady who undertakes the care of the mentally afflicted, instead of in the more desirable household they had intended should receive her. The mistake is only discovered when the young person becomes engaged, and when the guardian thinks it necessary to warn the *fiancé*. All this is weak, but the weakness is cleverly covered with plausible circumstances. Otherwise, the story is lively, and bright, and sympathetic. Ranee, the heroine, has a charming sanity about her. Betty, her whirlwind friend, is a most invigorating acquaintance. Tom is worthy of his post as chief hero, and Dr. Peter's sad history draws our pity. But this last need not have been kept a mystery so long. We guessed it from the beginning.

A FIRST FLEET FAMILY. By Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery. 6s. (Unwin.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE LAUGHLIN ISLANDS. By Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery. 1s. (Unwin.)

From the preface of the first of these books we learn that Mr. Becke and Mr. Jeffery have compiled a hitherto unpublished narrative from the papers of Sergeant William Dew, of the Marines, who went out with the first convict transport fleet to Botany Bay. It is quite evident they have drawn largely from authentic documents, but as they acknowledge changing some names and circumstances, it is not unfair to speak of their work under the heading of fiction. It has all the interest of romance, and is, without any doubt, the most attractive narrative to which Mr. Becke's name is attached. A real narrative or not, dry and low-pitched in style, it retains all the illusion of reality. The picture it gives of the first convict settlements is vivid and, as the editors say, perhaps a wholesome corrective of some of the sentimental fiction which has made the convicts the sole objects of sympathy. The whole story of the Bryant family is a fine romance that the prosaic Dew cannot spoil. A strange page of dark history it is, of great interest to the student, but the searcher after penal records and of the facts concerning early Australian colonisation, will be cold-blooded indeed, if he be not moved and elated by the story of Mary Broad, who defied the law that she might share the fate of her fascinating smuggler-lover. Her bold, warm character seems to gain in colour as told in the words of the prim, law-abiding Sergeant Dew. The conclusion will satisfy those who crave happy endings, but though we do not grudge Fairfax his fine wife, nor her an oblivion of her convict days, we own something of the interest goes at the death of poor Bryant, who planned their escape for her sake, endured the terrible voyage in the open boat, but did not find freedom on his way to death.

The second story is likewise a convict one, a tale of the cruel abandonment of some people—most of them convicts, but one of these worthy of sympathy—on a wild island; the subsequent remorse of the villains who had perpetrated the deed; and a voyage of search made after many years, when the history of the abandoned persons is ascertained. It is a much slighter thing than "A First Fleet Family," but good in its brief way, and giving proof that the collaboration of the two writers is a fortunate one.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THOMAS KEN. By F. A. Clarke. (Leaders of Religion.) (Methuen and Co.)

If Ken was a leader, it was, as Mr. Clarke says, because he was followed; nothing in his character marked him for leadership, as Knox or Wesley, not to mention others commemorated in this series, was marked. The interest of his life, which lies partly in his personal character, partly in his relation to the great events of the Whig revolution, is admirably brought out in this brief biography. There are chapters on Monmouth's rebellion, on the Church policy of James II., on the trial of the seven bishops, on the position, the difficulties, and the religious influence of the non-jurors; and special care is taken to indicate the affinities of the non-juring spirit with the Anglo-Catholic revival of the nineteenth century. It is Ken's chief title to gratitude, according to Mr. Clarke, that he made this movement possible. But when all is said, Ken is hardly a commanding figure. Macaulay was right in saying that his intellect was darkened by many superstitions and prejudices; and if Macaulay may have been biassed by Whig prejudice, Johnson was not, who described non-juring as "the perverseness of integrity," and declared that he "never knew a non-juror who could reason." Yet Ken's tolerant bearing to those who accepted the revolution, and his eagerness to terminate the schism in the Church, show largeness of mind as well as of heart; and those who have derived their impressions of the period, as most ordinary readers have done, from Macaulay, will find something specially instructive in this glance at it from another point of view.

A MANUAL OF MENDING AND REPAIRING. With Diagrams. By C. G. Leland. (Chatto and Windus.)

Mending is an art, Mr. Leland will have it, with laws of its own. It is also a rare and misunderstood art, and the proof of this is to be found in every museum, bric-a-brac shop, and private collection. It can be learnt; to learn it is practically useful, and not merely for the sake of economy in household articles. "Anyone," he says, "who will master the art of mending, can find an illimitable field for picking up bargains in almost every shop of antiquities in Europe, especially in the smaller or humbler kind. . . . Thus I now have before me a 'Holy Family' of the early sixteenth century, bas-relief in stamped leather, twelve inches by eight, for which I paid two francs, but which I might have had for one, it being entirely dilapidated, and apparently of no value. In two or three hours I restored it perfectly, and it would now sell for perhaps a hundred francs." He gives other examples. To continue his practical suggestions—"There is hardly a village so small that one man or woman could not make in it or eke out a living by repairing different objects." He proposes, too, an exhibition of specimens of intelligent mending. His book is a mine of erudition on practical matters in which the artist, the collector, the householder, the owner of a library, every man, woman or child who possesses umbrellas or shoes or china or bric-a-brac or toys must be interested. His information is scientifically given; there are a good many general principles to be learnt first, but the directions are clear, though they sometimes take trouble to follow with exactness, and the materials used for repairing, mentioned in the enlightening first chapter, are not as a rule very difficult to procure. Here is an example which will interest a good many. "Potatoes, peeled and mashed, and kept for thirty-six hours in a mixture of eight parts of sulphuric acid to a hundred of water, and then dried and pressed, form a white, hard substance very much like ivory, or, as one may say, like white boxwood. Lehner expresses his doubt as to whether artificial meerschaum pipes were ever made of this substance, but I have seen them, and can testify that they looked like meerschaum, and certainly were much harder than *bruyere*, or briar-wood. Whether they will 'colour' I cannot say." There is another recipe for making and mending meerschaum. Those who have no interest in that, may care to know how to decently cobble their shoes or restore their furniture, mend their straps, trunks, and works of art in *faience*, stone, or ivory. And in all this mass of information there is not one vague direction. We have not tested the processes, but we recommend others to do so confidently. It is an irresistible book; and numerous and evil-smelling may be the messes which bunglers will concoct on their way to saving and order and skilful renovation. But it is excellent amusement, and with Mr. Leland's vigorous personality watching over you all the time it must be an education in honest, intelligent, and artistic work.

PENSEES OF JOUBERT. Selected and Translated by Henry Attwell. With portrait. Second Edition. (G. Allen.)

The first edition of Professor Attwell's excellent translation contained the original French. This being wisely omitted now, the present edition is a much handier volume. Joubert had a fine and a sympathetic mind. His thoughts are not so witty as La Rochefoucauld's, nor as La Bruyere's, but they have an exquisite quality of their own, and they are extremely companionable. He has never been very well known in England, in spite of Matthew Arnold's appreciative essay, but he is not at all out of date, and there is still time to win him for a friend. "Gravity is but the rind of wisdom; but it is a preservative rind." "Space is the stature of God." "Words become luminous when the poet's finger has passed over them its phosphorescence." "Taste is the literary conscience of the soul." "There is no virtue which appears small when enacted on a large stage." "To think what we do not feel is to lie to oneself. Whatever we think should be thought by our whole being, soul and body." These, picked at random, are the sayings of a man who looked at all life and art with a charming blend of courtesy, sincerity, and tenderness. There are many more as good—and better.

VERSES. By Ernest Dowson. 6s. net. (Smithers.)

A little fresh strength of nerves, a warmer coursing of the blood in his veins, and an ear more sensitively on guard against harsh sounds—these well-wishers might crave for Mr. Dowson. Perhaps the first two are unattainable; but it should not be difficult for him to train his sense of melody enough to make the use of "Sufficient for the day are the day's evil things" impossible as a refrain. His poetry is not inspiriting; why should it be? We freely admit the legitimacy of depressing verses, and the greyness of tone we mention uncomplainingly, and merely as a fact. But though a fine ear is a rare gift, better technical workmanship might be reasonably demanded from a writer of Mr. Dowson's ability and culture. It can be acquired to at least a greater extent than we find in Mr. Dowson's book. Yet his book will be liked, and very rightly. There is a melancholy charm about it. It has a distinction of refinement, if not of poetic power. And five or six of the pieces so greatly surpass the others in wisdom, or melody, or sweetness, that we pause to reconsider our judgment of the whole, and think perhaps that Mr. Dowson is maybe only painfully reaching the true expression of himself. Here is one verse which will draw many sympathies:

"When I am old,
And sadly steal apart,
Into the dark and cold,
Friend of my heart!
Remember, if you can,
Not him who lingers, but that other man,
Who loved and sang, and had a beating heart,—
When I am old!"

OLD MELBOURNE MEMORIES. By Rolf Boldrewood. Second Edition Revised. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Very few indeed of Mr. Boldrewood's Australian romances can compare in interest with these notes of a time when life was more adventurous round about Melbourne than it is to-day. It is not merely the description of a colonist's work and leisure, the dangers he ran, and the all sorts and conditions of men he met, that attract a reader. These seem good to him because of the presence of something else in the pages: a warm glow out of the days of youth. In the chapter called "Squattlesea Mere," an account of a young man's first joy in independence and ownership, you begin to experience it, and in that other on "Portland Bay" you feel yourself sighing with Mr. Boldrewood for a good time that is past, though you never knew it, and regretting the dispersal of those good fellows the colonists of Portland, who never crossed your path. "We ought to have made the most of those days—of the time which came 'before the gold.' We never saw their like again. . . . Nobody was too rich. No one was wealthy enough to live in Melbourne. Each man had to be his own overseer, had to live at home. He was, therefore, friendly and genial with his neighbours, on whom he was socially dependent." This is the kind of Australia Mr. Boldrewood describes, though it should be remembered that the picture is darkened by the bitter strife with the natives, which cost blood on both sides and constant watchfulness. The verses on miscellaneous subjects with which the book concludes, might have been omitted.

VENUS AND CUPID: or a trip from Mount Olympus to London. Related by the Personal Conductor of the Party. By the Author of "The Fight at Dame Europa's School." (Dent.)

Schoolboys who have been worried by the classics will be the most appreciative readers of this travesty of the immortals. They will feel they have their revenge at last when they see Jupiter, and Juno, and Mars, and the rest, acting as pompous or ridiculous fools, and when they hear of Venus, and Cupid, and Bacchus, and Diana getting into trouble during their personally conducted tour in Europe to the extent of imprisonment in Newgate and Wandsworth. Their slang and the noise of their horseplay will sound sweet in boyish ears. For such of us as have a sentiment about the Greek myths that has survived forced labours, it is too broad and crude to deeply offend, but perhaps very fastidious persons should be warned from this display of boyish spirits and boyish wit taking its revenge on schoolmasters.

MORE HAWARDEN HORACE. By Charles L. Graves. With an Introduction by T. E. Page, M.A. 3s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

Mr. Graves is as clever as usual in this second series of Horatian parodies, or nearly so. In the first there were few things so good as "To the Ship of State" (O navis, referent in mare te novi / Fluctus!)

"O ship of State, on perilous seas anew
Forth faring with a filibustering crew,
Why distant dangers court,
When it were better policy to occupy the Porte?"
. . . . . .
Of old to me thou wast a weary weight,
A source of anguish and regret of late;
O trust not Austin's odes,
But shun the fatal gold reef in the neighbourhood of Rhodes."

"To Saint Deiniol" is nearly as good in a more obvious way, especially in its reading of "Frui paratis et valido mihi—"

"Give me but strength to chew
Each mouthful two and thirty times precisely—
Read Dante through and through,
And I shall hold that I am doing nicely,
Breathing a pure, bucolic, bland, Virgilian air
Untasted by your squalid, striving, scheming, modern millionaire."

But the fact that several pieces in the enjoyable volume are much below these in aptness and skill makes us hope that Mr. Graves will content himself with infrequency and perfection in this kind of thing, where second-best is scarcely tolerable. He hardly ever bungles badly, however, and that Horace may legitimately be used for his purposes we are assured by the eminent scholar who writes the introduction.

ANIMALS AT WORK AND PLAY: Their Activities and Emotions. By C. J. Cornish. (Seeley.)

A great many qualities go to the making of Mr. Cornish's distinction as a writer on natural history. Two of these that non-specialists feel gratitude for are his literary faculty and his sense of humour. This last book is a slighter bit of work than "Wild England of To-day," or, perhaps, even than "Life at the Zoo"; but so far as it goes it is admirable. It is no mere compilation of funny or pathetic stories of animals of the kind generally given to youth as incapable of corrupting; but casual notes, with apt illustrations, made by a man who is seriously groping after the mental condition and possibilities of the lower creatures. When he has observed, he can always relate excellently. This description of the fussy prairie dogs will send many of us back to the Zoo: "In the morning, the prairie-dogs carry every bit of their last night's bed out of the box, and throw it out into the cage. . . . About three o'clock, when the days are short, they suddenly recollect that they have not made their beds, and at once set to work in a hurry to get it done before dark. . . . Bed-making with them is a very serious matter. Common straw, dragged in just as it is, does not suit them at all. It has all to be cut up to a certain length, and then carried in in bundles and 'made up' inside. Each prairie-dog sits up on end, and crams straw into its mouth in a most dreadful hurry, holding the straws across and breaking them off on each side with its paws. . . . Each seems to watch the other severely, as they sit up straw-cutting, to see that they do not shirk. From time to time they all jump into the air and bark, as if suddenly projected upwards by a spring in the boards of the floor." In the paper on "The Animal Dislike of Solitude," there is another excellent description of "the one consistently unsociable in Europe," the hamster, who wholly avoids family life, "never allowing a female inside his burrow, but keeping her at a good distance, and making her find her own living for herself and family." "Animal Materia Medica," "The Animal View of Captivity," "The Mystery of Migration," are other papers particularly curious or suggestive. Mr. Cornish's conclusions concerning a sense of humour in animals will be new to most readers. He does not deny them the quality at all, though he says it is not a common possession, and that it is rather apt to be of the rude practical joke and horrid schoolboy order. But he quotes one instance perfect of its kind. A cat took a great dislike to a peacock, and this was its way of flouting it. "When the peacock was anxious to

display its charms, and had spread its tail and was moving slowly backwards and forwards, the cat used to rush out on to the lawn, and *jump through the peacock's tail*. The effect of this was to entirely disconcert the peacock's swagger, and leave the cat a moral victory."

JOAN OF ARC. By Mark Twain. (Chatto and Windus.)

JEANNE D'ARC. Heroes of the Nations. By Mrs. Oliphant. 5s. (Putnams.)

To the large amount of recent literature on the subject of the Maid these books are pleasant contributions. Both are eminently readable, and answer very well the popular needs. Mark Twain's, as a romance, comes into competition with Mr. Lang's "Monk of Fife," and for certain qualities, enthusiasm and tenderness, quite holds its own. Young people, we imagine, would prefer it to the other much more artistic publication, and it is a charming book to put into youthful hands. There is not the slightest effort made to follow the speech of the time, or to relate history very exactly. The Sieur Louis de Conte, for instance, is made to be a witness of the Maid's career, from its beginning in Domremy, which, of course, is a large liberty to take with facts. Americanisms are plentiful, and the sentiment is hardly robust enough at times. But it is all very fresh, and much finer in texture than, we confess, we should have expected from its writer. We have only one serious fault to find with it, and that is the talk of the Maid. Joan was argumentative, it is true; but he makes her arguments into long-winded discourses.

Mrs. Oliphant's compilation is not quite up to the standard of the series in which it appears. Some of the earlier volumes of the "Heroes of the Nations" contained the results of careful research. But we all know what Mrs. Oliphant has to give us in her presentation of history—a picturesque narrative, and characters realised vividly, if according to a popular conception. Her habitual reflections are not absent, and they will teach and influence those they were intended for. She presents the subject clearly and sympathetically; and her book gains from being issued by an American firm, in that it is more fully illustrated than similar books prepared for the English market.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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E. ADAMS.—Stanza 1, "Aflow," makes an ingenious rhyme, but what does it mean? I should judge from the verses that you have some imagination; but the expression of it is little above doggerel. Can you not feel yourself the heavy jog-trot and limp of the metre, and the desperateness of the rhymes?

BRUTUS.—A minor religious publisher might issue it in book form. It is not lively enough for a serial. There is difficulty in criticising it justly, for though it is too glib and thoughtless, and the characters are not real people, it follows strictly the model in vogue in religious fiction a little time ago. The model has not lost all its favour.

CLARE EURN.—No. 1 might do for a college magazine, unless the editor thought it too maundering. In No. 2, stanzas 1 and 3 are much better than 2, which, technically, is poor. It is next to impossible to put an impression of so big and grand a thing into rhyme. It needs genius. No. 3. "Million-metred" is a little too strong. The repetition of the three adjectives is not happy. No. 3. Since you have given a frivolous suggestion in line 4, you had better have continued in that strain. But since you haven't, alter some of the unmelodious lines in the man's part. "Peer" used as an active verb is peculiar; and in a lover's mouth, used thus, sounds very conceited. No. 5 is the best. No. 6. The refrain is impossible. Your corrections in pencil are mainly improvements.

CAUCA.—The metre you use is best suited for comic verse. So stanza 1 is the best, and the serious matters treated of in the later ones sound flippant. The metre and rhyme are both faulty. One is forced to make "fare" of two syllables in the last line.

CRICKET.—Better make of this a short story, leaving out the domestic part, which is very commonplace. Stick to your idea of the haunting figures, and make it into a tale about the length of two of your chapters. It must be a short, brisk performance, else the improbability of the idea will kill it.

CYRIL DACRE.—I think you mean to use a regular metre. If so, there are lapses. In line 4 is one example. Unless in a long poem, or in one where you pay a great deal of attention to metre, I don't think you should shirk rhyme. Is it "Wail" or "Wait" the winds, etc., whisper? It makes a difference, but your handwriting is ambiguous. This is fair.

DAMARIS.—A pretty story, and very well told. I have no alterations to suggest. Its brevity, and the fact that it does well what it professes to do, should win it success, in a magazine of a religious character.

ENIGMA.—By all means go on. There is good stuff in it, and, considering what you tell me of the circumstances of its production, it is wonderfully well expressed. All the same, it has faults, and you can mend them. The arrangement is poor, the expression occasionally chaotic, and you use words wrongly. You say "desirability" when you mean "desire." "Opiniation" is not a successful coinage.

E. G. (Edinburgh).—"Mothered" made trisyllabic, to eke out the feet in a line of blank verse, is bad. The metre is not perfect, but the verses are pretty. I don't advise your writing more in blank verse on this kind of subject, which demands not dignity and sonorousness so much as variety and charm. No, on the contrary, you are very young for a "Young Author."

CLINTON FORBES.—Good. In revising it, as you propose to do, cut down mercilessly, Rowe's speeches in particular, but the amusing Ebenezer's too. It is rather flat in style, but it is painstaking and intelligent. Offer it to a publisher, if you like. If rejected, it will probably be because of its long, dull beginning.

G. A. W.—First sentence of all very bad. It is pompous and ungrammatical. Too much "tall talk" all through the story. The tendency leads you to slander your hero at an early stage. "For several years he had been engaged in various amours" sounds as if he had been a terrible reprobate. I hope, when you read the MS. again, you will be good-natured enough and have enough sense of humour to enjoy your own love-scene. No, this would not do at all for publication. If you write more, try to write naturally, and forget all your fine phrases.

H. S.—The matter is excellent, and worth expressing many times and in many forms. Sometimes, in your indignation, you have neglected to think of the structure and rhythm of your sentences, but if the paper be meant to be read aloud at a society, this would not much matter, provided it were energetically spoken. Some of your examples do not seem quite apt. Examples are ticklish things. The pictures you allude to on p. 4 belong to a minor art, so why should Michael Angelo and Company's names be brought in? Then George Herbert and the S.A. it is useless to contrast. It is not only the spirit of their work that is different, but the scale. Your contrast should have been some one who attempted a comprehensive work, and did it without recourse to the means you object to.

IRIS.—I hope you will take many more prizes. You should find an opening in connection with some minor religious paper that prints stories. I cannot offer criticism, only a little counsel to avoid death-bed scenes as much as possible.

J. F. (Norwich).—The discourses are made to be heard rather than read. From their own standpoint they are thoughtful, and they are for the most part well expressed. Avoid, however, a juxtaposition of such terms as "stubble and dregs." We fear there is not a market for such things; but no doubt you will be able to use them on the platform or in the pulpit.

M. F. LYNE.—You make it difficult to read your story by greeting us at the threshold with so unpleasantly vulgar a scene. Not many have a liking for a "man-hunt" so candidly described. There is cleverness in your story, and if the incidents would seem probable in Anglo-Indian eyes—you can judge better of this than I can—you might get it published in an Anglo-Indian newspaper.

L. C. M.—I think that in accordance with the argument of the context, the abstract terms on lines 9 and 10 should be inverted. There is a very loose sentence beginning "Others struggle," etc., p. 1. The conversational or oratorical style is much more natural to you than the literary manner. The matter of this is trite enough, but it is brightly expressed, and if delivered as a five minutes' sermon might be very effective.

ALAN MAR.—Rather a miserable story. It has possibilities, however. If you want to emphasise the sensation, you should make more of the meeting with the abandoned girl and of Rhoda's being forced to keep company with her and her companions. Hawthorne could have done it, and without any coarseness. Your treatment of the scene is too timid.

RONCELE.—The verses are very good for your age. You have some understanding of metre, and the sentiments are unexceptionable. But the absence of faults is the most distinguishing quality. The verses are not so good as your letter, and perhaps prose will be a more likely field for you.

GILEAD WATKINS.—The first has some merit. The second has a good deal. Be a little more fastidious about your metres. Don't be content with a jingling sound. And avoid vague rhapsody.

X. L.—This subject has often been woven into fiction; but there is no way of making it pleasant. One naturally shrinks from consider-

ing it. You can tell a tale in a plain business-like fashion, and that is all that is wanted for some tales. You might try to differentiate your characters a little more. There is no light and shade in the groups you present.

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3. Stevenson's Weir of Hermiston. 6s.
4. Porter's Kingsclere. 18s.
5. Wilkins' Madelon. 6s.
6. Zola's Rome. 3s. 6d.

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1. Corelli's The Mighty Atom. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
2. Watson's Mind of the Master. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. Newbolt's The Gospel of Experience. 5s. (Longman.)
4. Sinclair's Points at Issue. 1s. 6d. (Stock.)
5. Salmond's Christian Doctrine of Immortality. 14s. (Clark.)
6. Staley's Natural Theology. 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. (Mowbray.)

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1. Marie Corelli's Mighty Atom.
2. Zola's Rome.
3. Dawson's Peter Mackenzie.
4. Stevenson's Weir of Hermiston.
5. Ian Maclaren's Mind of the Master.
6. Revised New Testaments.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Stevenson, Weir of Hermiston.
2. Merriman, The Sowers.
3. Cornish, Animals at Work.
4. Watson, The Mind of the Master.
5. Corelli, The Mighty Atom.
6. Hodgkin, George Fox.

GLASGOW.

1. Weir of Hermiston. By Stevenson. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)
2. The Mind of the Master. By John Watson. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. Cleg Kelly. By S. R. Crockett, 6s. (Smith & Elder.)
4. Under the Red Robe. By Stanley Weyman. 6s. (Methuen.)
5. George Eliot's Works. New edition. 2s. 6d. each. (Blackwood.)
6. School Prizes. Miscellaneous. From 1s. to 7s. 6d.

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1. Life and Labours of Peter Mackenzie. By Rev. Joseph Dawson. 3s. 6d. (Kelly.)
2. Weir of Hermiston. By R. L. Stevenson. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)
3. The Mind of the Master. By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
4. Jaws of Death. By Grant Allen. 2s. (Jarrold & Sons.)
5. Briseis. By William Black. 6s. (Sampson Low & Co.)
6. Rome. By Emile Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

BURNLEY.

1. Peter Mackenzie, His Life and Labours. By Rev. Joseph Dawson. 3s. 6d. (C. H. Kelly.)
2. Guide Books: Baddeley's Baedeker's, Black's, Ward, Lock's, and others.
3. Illumination. By Harold Frederic. 6s. (Heinemann.)
4. Calculations in Cotton Weaving. By Jas. Holmes. 2s. 6d. net. (Lupton Bros., Burnley.)
5. The Townleys of Townley. An Historic Fragment. By Tattersall Wilkinson. Illustrated. 3d. (Lupton Bros., Burnley.)
6. Academy Pictures, 1896. 7s. 6d. (Cassell & Co.)

BRADFORD.

1. Stevenson's Weir of Hermiston. 6s. (Chatto.)
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TRADE NOTES.

LONDON, W.C.
(Second-hand.)

The general condition of the second-hand trade in this neighbourhood is decidedly good, but with less American buyers than usual at this time of the year.

DERBY.

Since our last report trade has remained consistently good; and such is the uncertainty of buyers' moods that, notwithstanding the suitability of this season to a perusal of Walton's Angler or White's Selborne, the principal demand has been for high-class scientific works, psychology, advanced theology, and other subjects more allied to the study than the fields. Steady demand for topography.